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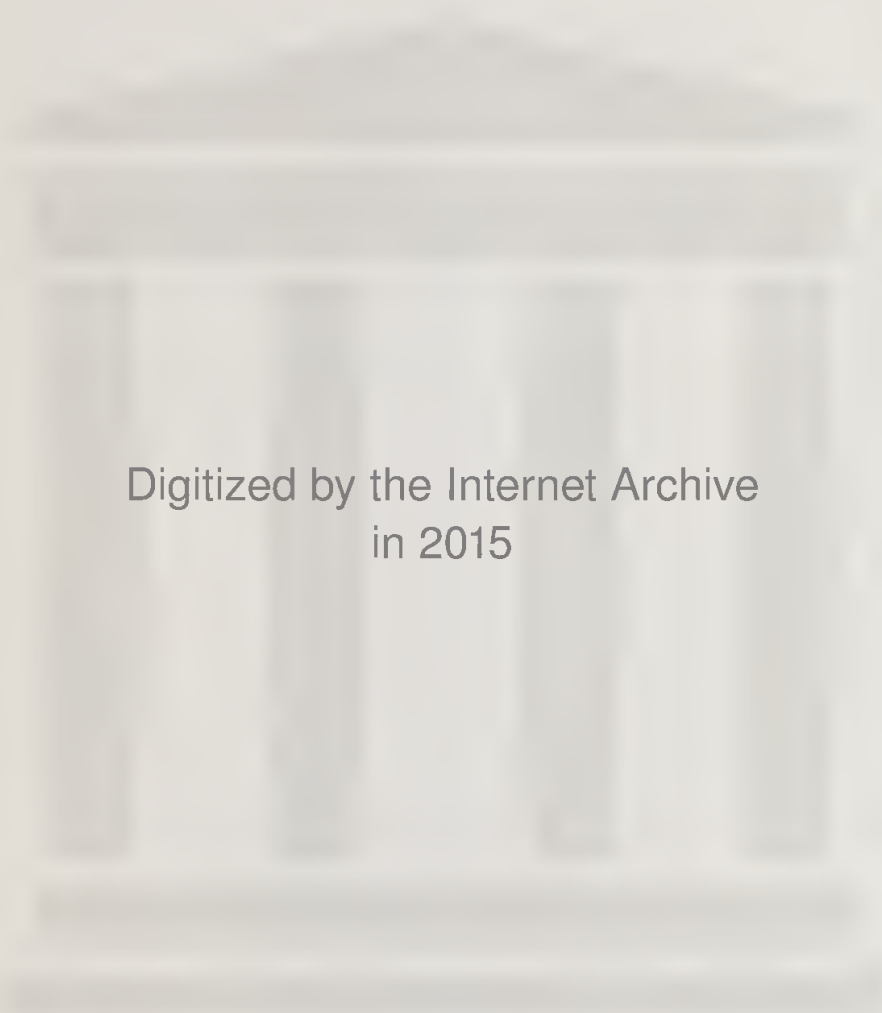

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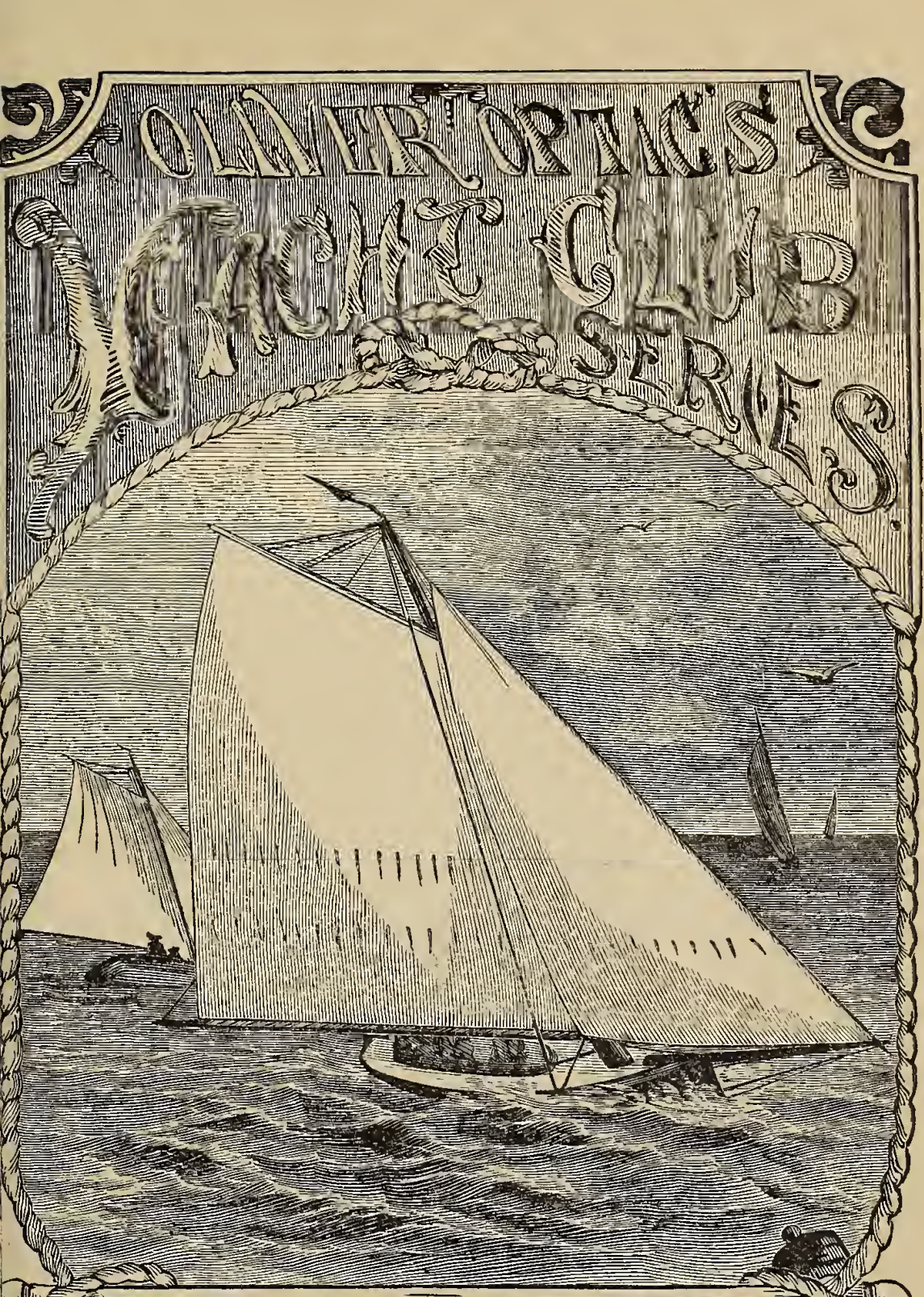

MONEY MAKER.

LEE & SHEPARD,
BOSTON

THE YACHT CLUB SERIES.

MONEY-MAKER;

OR,

THE VICTORY OF THE BASILISK.

BY

OLIVER OPTIC,

AUTHOR OF "YOUNG AMERICA ABROAD," "THE ARMY AND NAVY SERIES," "THE WOODVILLE STORIES," "THE STARRY FLAG SERIES," "THE BOAT CLUB STORIES," "THE LAKE SHORE SERIES," "THE UPWARD AND ONWARD SERIES," ETC., ETC.

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TO

MY YOUNG FRIEND

COMMODORE CHARLES BELL FIFIELD

This Book

IS AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED.

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The Yacht Club Series.

1. LITTLE BOBTAIL; or, The Wreck of the Penobscot.
2. THE YACHT CLUB; or, The Young Boat-builder.
3. MONEY-MAKER; or, The Victory of the Basilisk.
4. THE COMING WAVE; or, The Hidden Treasure of High Rock.

(Others in preparation.)

PREFACE.

"MONEY-MAKER" is the third volume of the YACHT CLUB SERIES; and, in accordance with the intention previously announced, the author has made it an independent story, having no necessary connection with any other volume of the series. But the hero is a member of the Yacht Club, and perhaps the most exciting incidents of the book are the regattas of the club, in which many of the young boatmen who have figured in the preceding volumes take an active part. The main events of the narrative, however, are distinct from the aquatic experiences of the hero and his friends.

Morris Hollinghead, the hero, certainly is not a baby, and the author does not believe he is a "prig," though, being seventeen years old, and having an opinion of his own, he will inevitably be regarded as such by those who insist that boys and girls should be babies till they are twenty-one, or till they sooner obtain their freedom by marriage. Perhaps he will not be considered an "obedient child" by some, because he did not

take a part in the unreasonable family quarrel of his father, and even comforted the enemy in a mild way; but in spite of all these apparent difficulties, the writer feels that he can more fully endorse the character of Morris than he can that of some other of his heroes.

For the continued favor extended to him, and especially for the marked approbation which his friends, young and old, have bestowed upon the Yacht Club Series, the author desires to express his sincere thanks.

TOWERHOUSE,
October 15, 1873.

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MONEY-MAKER;

OR,

THE VICTORY OF THE BASILISK.

CHAPTER I.

FATHER AND SON.

"MORRIS, they say you are a regular miser."

Captain Richard Hollinghead made this remark, and addressed it to his son, a young man of seventeen. The rebuke — if it was intended as such — was not uttered in a severe tone; on the contrary, the father smiled, opened his eyes very wide, threw up his eyebrows, and shrugged his right shoulder, as though the remark were a mere pleasantry, or might be passed off as such if the subject of it resented the imputation.

The son's name was Morris M. Hollinghead.

"What is a miser, father?" quietly asked the young man.

"One who hoards up his money, and denies himself the luxuries and even the comforts of life."

"Then I'm not a miser," added Morris. "I have everything I want to eat, drink, and wear."

"If your allowance is not large enough, I will give you more," said Captain Hollinghead.

"I am perfectly satisfied with it, father," laughed Morris. "I believe I have more money than any other fellow in town."

"But they say you are mean," continued the father, his brow wrinkling into a frown.

"Who says so?"

"I have heard it whispered about. Perhaps I haven't heard it in exactly the words I use. They don't say you are a miser, or that you are mean, in so many words; but it amounts to that."

"I don't understand it, father, any better than you do. I have all I want, and don't deny myself anything I need. If I am satisfied, I don't think anybody else has a right to complain."

"Nobody else does complain. I am told that

ou don't join the young fellows in anything hat costs money. You didn't go to the ball a ew weeks ago."

"I didn't want to go; I didn't feel like it; f I had, I should have gone. I hadn't got my French lesson, which was due the next morning t the High School, and I wouldn't have failed n it for forty balls. Besides, I don't think there s any fun in sitting up all night, shaking your eet, and feeling like a fool all the next day, to say nothing of breaking down in all your lessons in school," reasoned Morris, evidently satisfied with himself, though he certainly occupied extraordinary ground for a young man of seventeen.

"They say you won't join the Yacht Club because it would cost you five dollars a year," added Captain Hollinghead.

"What's the use of joining it? I think it is a great humbug. When I spend five dollars, I want something to show for it. I don't see that membership amounts to anything except paying the annual dues. If I owned a yacht, it would be different."

"Why don't you own a yacht, Morris? You are as fond of sailing as any fellow in the city."

"I know I am; and I have been on the look-out for a boat for a long time," added Morris. "I have not seen one that suits me yet."

"Why don't you let Don John build you one like the Maud?"

"Twelve hundred dollars!" exclaimed Morris, shrugging his shoulders.

"Certainly. I am willing to give you the money, in addition to your allowance."

"It would cost me a pile of money to run a yacht like the Maud; besides, Don John could not build one for me this season, for he has orders for two or three."

"If you want a larger allowance, you shall have it. I don't want my son to be accused of meanness," said Captain Hollinghead, rather sharply.

"Of course I am willing to take whatever you give me, father. I intend to have a boat this season, and when I get one I will join the Yacht Club."

"Do you know of any boat that will suit you?"

"I have heard of one, but I haven't seen her yet. She is coming here in a few days. I think she will suit me."

"What will she cost?"

"I don't know; but I shall not pay any twelve hundred dollars, or half of it, for a boat," added Morris, decidedly.

Captain Hollinghead took from his pocket a narrow check-book, and seated himself at a table in the room.

"Will six hundred dollars buy the boat?" he asked.

"If it won't, I shall not buy her," replied the young man.

The father wrote the check for this amount, tore it out of the book, and handed it to his son.

"I may buy her for half this sum," said Morris, glancing at the check.

"If you do, keep the rest; but don't buy a mean boat. Have a good one, equal to any in the fleet. I hope you will be able to sail in the next regatta."

"It don't come off till the twentieth of June. It is going to be a big thing, for the nabobs of Belfast have made up a purse of one hundred and fifty dollars for the prizes. The owner of the winning craft will pocket a hundred dollars, and

of the next one fifty. It will pay to win that race."

"O, you are thinking how you can make some money out of the regatta — are you, Morris?" asked Captain Hollinghead, with a frown.

"Make some money!" exclaimed the son. "Pay from three to six hundred dollars for a yacht, to win a prize of one hundred! That does not look to me like much of a speculation."

"It don't; but you seem to lay more stress on the prize than on the sport," continued Captain Hollinghead. "Morris, those stories about you rather vex and annoy me."

"I am sorry for that, father; and I can't think who should try to prejudice you against me."

"They don't do it to prejudice me; on the contrary, they speak approvingly of you. They say you don't fool away your money as other sons of rich men do, and that you have a talent for making money."

"That isn't very bad — is it?"

"But they say you staid away from the ball, won't join the Yacht Club, and are careful about your coppers."

"I don't throw my money away."

"Of course I don't want you to throw it away. I want you to spend it and enjoy it."

"That's what I intend to do."

"I allow you six hundred dollars a year for spending money, besides paying all your other expenses. If this isn't enough, I will double it."

"I am satisfied, father."

"I have been very fortunate this year, Morris. I am worth not less than two hundred thousand dollars; and I mean to have a million before many years have gone by. You are my only son, and all my family. I can afford to support you in as good style as any young fellow in Belfast; and I don't like to hear that you are penurious, mean, stingy, miserly, or anything of that sort. You can have a yacht, a horse, or anything else you want."

"But, father, you are not sure of anything. You may lose all you have; for you told me it was in stocks, and invested in speculations."

"Do you think I don't know what I am about?" demanded the father, sharply.

"Of course you know best; but I read in the newspaper almost every day that some one who

was worth millions is cleaned out, utterly ruined, in a few hours."

"You needn't bother your head about my affairs, my boy. I have been very successful in my operations, for I am a careful man, and don't keep all my eggs in one basket. I made a hundred thousand dollars in one day, on gold."

"But somebody else lost it," added Morris; "and your turn may come next."

"It has come over and over again. I lose occasionally; but I gain on the whole. When I am worth a million, I shall come to Belfast, build a house, and settle down. I may be able to do it next year."

"I hope you will, for I should like to live at home once more."

"You shall, my boy."

"I don't like this place very well," added Morris, glancing at the door. "It isn't a bit like home. Mrs. De Canter is all show, fuss, and feathers."

"Don't you live well here?"

"O, yes; well enough."

"You may board at the hotel, if you prefer."

"That would be worse than this place. I have

to keep starched up all the time, and Mrs. De Canter is everlastingly talking about style. She calls herself Mrs. De Cantay now, since I told her that *er* in French, at the end of a word, was pronounced like long *a*. She is a humbug, full of pretension and affectation.''

''If you want to change your boarding-place, you can do so.''

''I do, if I can go where I wish,'' replied Morris.

''Certainly; you can go where you please. You may have a parlor and chamber at the hotel, or anywhere you like.''

''I should like to board at Uncle Sam's,'' added Morris, quietly.

Captain Hollinghead sprang out of his chair, compressed his lips, and began to pace the room at a rate which threatened the total destruction of Mrs. De Canter's threadbare carpet.

''What do you mean, Morris?'' demanded he, halting before the young man, with a terrible frown upon his brow.

''I should feel more at home at Uncle Sam's than I should anywhere else,'' replied the son.

''Do you say that on purpose to hurt my feelings?''

"No, sir; certainly not," protested Morris. "I say it because it is true."

"Sam is a whining, snivelling, canting fanatic!"

"I don't think so, father. He is a deacon in the church, and I believe he is a very good man. I heard him pray for you the other day —"

"Don't talk that stuff to me, Morris!" interposed Captain Hollinghead. "I don't ask for his prayers, and I don't want any of them. He wronged me as no other man on the face of the earth ever wronged me; and his prayers won't do me any good."

"But, father, he is your brother —"

"No, he isn't. He is my half brother, I confess with shame; but I disown him. I will have nothing to do with him. I haven't spoken to him for ten years, and I never will speak to him again. Prays for me — does he, after robbing me of my inheritance!" said the father, very bitterly. "Morris, don't mention his name to me again. Don't allude to him. If you had any regard at all for my wishes or my feelings, you would keep away from him; you would never enter his house or speak to him or any member of his family."

Morris looked very sad, but made no reply.

"Board at Uncle Sam's!" sneered the father. "It would be a pretty place for my son! He is a cobbler — a shoemaker! He lives in a ten-footer, in the meanest part of the city. He robbed me of my inheritance; but he lost his own share and mine, too, and now he is as poor as Job's turkeys. He can hardly earn money enough to keep his soul and body together. A pretty place for my son to board! Are you fond of a salt fish diet?"

"He lives well enough for me," quietly added Morris.

"Do you want a room in the attic of his ten-footer?"

"Of course, father, if you object to my boarding at Uncle Sam's, I won't say another word about it."

"His son, too, isn't fit company for you, Morris. He is a bad boy — drinks, gambles, and some say he steals."

"He is a great trial to his father," added Morris.

"I don't want my son under the same roof with him."

"I don't associate with him any more than I can help. I only pass the time of day with him when we meet."

"I wish you would cut the rest of the tribe. But it is almost time for the steamer," added Captain Hollinghead, as he consulted his watch.

The father and son left the house and walked to the principal hotel, where the captain had a room during his temporary stay in Belfast. He paid his bill, and with his valise in his hand walked down to the steamboat wharf, attended by Morris. The boat soon arrived, and he bade his son an affectionate adieu. Morris returned to the house of Mrs. De Canter, thinking of the conversation with his father.

"Where is your papa, Mr. Morris?" asked the landlady, puckering up her lips, and squeaking out the words, as she always did in her struggles to be genteel.

"My papa has gone back to New York," replied the young man.

"Ah, indeed! If I had known he was going so soon, I should have waited upon him to bid him adieu," added Mrs. De Canter. "Your papa is a noble gentleman. He reminds me of my poor, de-

parted husband. He is liberal, like Mr. De Cantay, who, poor man, was too liberal, for he spent his fortune in making others happy — just as your papa does. Mr. Morris, I was reared in affluent plenty; and I did not think I should ever have to keep boarders, for I used to move in the first circles. Poor Mr. De Cantay was well acquainted with Governor —''

''Is tea ready yet?'' asked Morris.

''Why, no, Mr. Morris: it isn't five o'clock yet.''

The young man only asked the question to break up the lady's sad recital of the misfortunes that had overwhelmed her and compelled her to keep a boarding-house; for he and all the other boarders had heard the story a great many times. Morris started to go up stairs to his room.

''I sent the box which the expressman brought to your parlor,'' added Mrs. De Canter, smirking.

''What box?'' asked Morris.

''I don't know what was in it; but it was so heavy that I asked the expressman to take it up to your parlor,'' and the lady laid a special emphasis upon the last word.

''I don't know anything about any box,'' added the young man.

"Nor I; but I sent it to your parlor."

"What do you mean by my parlor?" he asked.

"Your papa is a noble gentleman, just like poor Mr. De Cantay, who—"

"You mentioned my parlor, I think. I was not aware that I had any parlor."

"But your papa—"

"My father, you mean."

"It is much more genteel to call him your papa. Poor Mr. De Cantay spoke of his papa to the day of his death."

"You were speaking of my father," added Morris, impatiently.

"Your papa is a noble gentleman, and very liberal."

"I don't dispute it," said Morris, going up the stairs, when he found it was quite impossible to get anything out of the landlady except the history of her departed husband.

Mrs. De Canter followed him up the steps, smiling, smirking, and giggling, as though something pleased her. He opened the door of his chamber, but immediately discovered that his elegant writing-table — presented to him by his father — and several other articles belonging to

him, were not in the room. The landlady giggled and smirked more and more.

"This way, Mr. Morris," said she, opening her mouth in an enthusiastic laugh, so that she exhibited all the false teeth in her head.

"What does all this mean?" demanded the boarder.

"Your papa is a noble gentleman, and very liberal. Poor De Cantay would have done just what he has," giggled the relict.

"What has he done?"

"This way, Mr. Morris." And the landlady threw open the door of the front room of the house.

As she did so, she stepped back, bowed like a duchess, and pointed into the chamber. The young man saw his elegant writing-table in the centre of the large apartment, covered with books and papers, just as he had left it in the morning in the other room.

"What does all this mean?" demanded Morris.

"I remarked that your papa was a noble gentleman, and very liberal."

"I believe you did," replied the boarder.

"Just like poor Mr. De Cantay, who never was so happy as when he was doing something for

others, especially for me, his lonely widow, who have mourned in bitterness of spirit—"

"I have done all I could to comfort you, Mrs. De Canter. I sympathize with you, and my father pays my board regularly."

"To be sure he does. Your papa—"

"My father has engaged this room for me, and you have moved my traps in here. I am much obliged to you and to him. I was very well satisfied with my room before, and I will try to put up with this one."

"Put up with it!" gasped the landlady, her thin face straightening out, and her false teeth suddenly disappearing.

"Yes, put up with it. I shall try to make myself as comfortable as possible in it," added Morris, soberly.

"Why, this is a beautiful parlor!"

"O, well, it is good enough for me. I don't complain. I hate to have folks grumbling about the house."

"But it's fit for the governor. When poor Mr. De Cantay invited Governor — Governor — dear me, it's strange that I should forget the name." And the landlady tried to recall it.

"O, yes; I know him. Governor Stick-in-the-mud."

"That was not the name. But when poor Mr. De Cantay invited the governor to spend a week with us, we were going to put him in this room."

"And you did put him in the attic?"

"Dear, no! He didn't come."

"No?"

"No. He had to stay at the capital to entertain Monsheer de Marmalade, the French minister poplenipo, and ambassador extra-ordinary."

"Why didn't he bring the minister poplenipo with him?"

"Poor Mr. De Cantay invited him to do so, for he was of French extraction himself, and spoke the language like a native—"

"Of the State of Maine," laughed Morris.

"Like a native of Paris, Mr. Morris."

"And this room was for the governor," added the boarder. "Well, if it was good enough for him, it is good enough for me. At any rate, I will try to make it do."

Mrs. De Canter was hurt, and the effect of the surprise which she had prepared for the young man seemed to be lost. She opened the door of

the bed-room adjoining, and pointed triumphantly at the bed and the rest of the furniture of the chamber; but they failed to kindle any enthusiasm in the mind of the boarder, or, if they did, to call forth any manifestation thereof.

"I dare say the rooms will answer my purpose very well," said Morris, as he halted in the parlor by the box which the expressman had deposited there.

"I hope they will suit you, for your papa is very liberal, and insists that you shall have the very best of everything," added the disappointed landlady. "I told him the rooms were vacant. He looked at them, and then told me to move you into them at once. He didn't object to the price, which is fifteen dollars a week. I thought to surprise you; but you don't seem to be a bit surprised."

"No; it isn't genteel to be surprised, you know. But I must study my French lesson, Mrs De Canter."

The landlady took the hint, and left the room. Morris looked at the box, and wondered what it contained. He concluded it was something his father had sent him. It was plainly directed

"M. M. Hollinghead," which was his name, though, as his father did not deal in surprises, he wondered that he had not mentioned it. He lifted it, and found, as Mrs. De Canter had said, that it was very heavy. The lid of the box was screwed on with great care, and he went downstairs for a screw-driver. Having obtained one, he proceeded to remove the screws, of which there were not less than a dozen and a half, though the box was not more than three feet long, by one in width, and six inches deep.

CHAPTER II.

MONEY-MAKER.

CAPTAIN RICHARD HOLLINGHEAD wa a native of Belfast, where his father ha been a farmer on the outskirts of the town, befo it attained the dignity of a city. The old ma who, by turns, had been a shoemaker, a scho master, and a butcher, as well as a farmer, ha been twice married, and was the father of two son one by each wife, and of three daughters, thou he survived all of the latter. The older son, San uel, followed one of the occupations of his fath and learned the shoemaker's trade; while Richar the younger, went to sea. There was as much di ference in the two sons as there had been in the tw mothers. The old man was a person of not mu force. He was patient, plodding, prudent, and ev parsimonious. He turned over a dollar a doz times before he parted with it. Though he h

very little of what is called business ability, he saved a little every year; and when he died he owned his farm, and had a few thousands in indorsed notes and mortgages. Samuel staid at home, and worked on the bench or in the field. He was like his father. His mother was just like her husband. But the second wife was of a different stock. Her father and her brothers were all money-making men, who made a great deal, and spent a great deal. The younger son was like them, and like his mother. He went to sea, and was a bold, enterprising fellow. On his second voyage he served as second mate, and on the third as chief mate. Before he was twenty-five, he was master of as fine a ship as ever went out of New York harbor.

With a little money he had saved, rather because he had no time to spend it than because he had no inclination to do so, Richard Hollinghead made a small commercial venture, which his position enabled him to carry to a very successful issue, even to the extent of quadrupling his little capital. He tried it again and again, and always with the same fortunate result. Then he bought a quarter of the ship he commanded, and then a half. He did so

well for his owners that they extended to him a great deal of consideration. At thirty, ten per cent. of his capital would have bought out his father and his brother; and when he went home, about this time, he was regarded as a rich man, as indeed he was. He married a distant relative belonging to the family from which his grandfather had come, and possessing the same traits of character, though considerably modified by the admixture of other blood. Mrs. Hollinghead was a careful and prudent woman, and her influence upon her husband was very powerful.

The captain made his home in Belfast, and a son was born to him, whom he named Morris Marshall after a wealthy relative. Unfortunately for Captain Hollinghead, his wife died when the boy was only eight years old; unfortunately, in a stronger sense than the loss of one whom he loved devotedly involved, for the husband needed her influence as a sort of balance-wheel in life, to regulate his movements socially, morally, and even financially. Morris had been transferred to the care of an aunt who had certainly done well by him; but her death, only a year before the young man's introduction to the reader, required another change. The

captain had abandoned the sea, and was now largely engaged in various business enterprises in New York, some of which were better designated as speculations. He desired to take his son to the metropolis with him; but the young man was doing so well in the High School that his father decided to allow him to complete his course in that institution; and a home had been found for him in the first-class boarding-house of Mrs. De Canter, whose capital stock was mainly in her gentility.

The half brothers, Samuel and Captain Richard, were so unlike in character that there was very little sympathy between them; and about fifteen years before, a terrible rupture had sadly estranged them; and all family quarrels are terrible, especially those which relate to the division of property. When the captain came home from one of his voyages, he learned that his father had died during his absence, and he hastened to his home in Belfast. Before he met his half brother, his wife told him that his father had left a will, bequeathing all his property, except a trifling legacy, to Samuel. The captain was rather impulsive, and hastened to the conclusion that his half brother, being at home, and always with the old man, had influenced him

to make this disposal of his property. Though, little as he cared for Samuel, he would have been entirely willing to give him his half of the property, he had the feeling that his half brother had cheated him out of his inheritance; had persuaded and improperly influenced the old man, in his age and weakness, to deprive the younger son of his share. Captain Richard was very angry with Sam, as he always called him, and went out to the farm to see him. Without waiting to hear his half brother's statement, the captain charged him with unfairness, injustice, and perfidy.

Samuel was a mild, gentle, Christian man. He was a deacon in the church of which he was regarded as a consistent and useful member. He was overwhelmed by the charge, and meekly denied it; so meekly, that the captain honestly believed he was prevaricating. He protested that his father had never spoken to him about his will, and he had never hinted to his father anything about the disposal of the property. Richard would not believe him. Samuel offered to make a fair division, regardless of the will.

"That's not the thing!" exclaimed the captain. "It isn't the property that I care about, but the

meanness of the deed. You were at home, Sam; you had father's ear; he was old and feeble, and you induced him to do what he never would have thought of doing without some help from you."

"I assure you, Richard, that you are all wrong," replied Samuel, mildly. "I never spoke a word to father about his property, nor he to me."

"Do you mean to tell me that my father would treat me in this manner?" demanded the captain. "You can't make me believe it. I will not wrong my father by accepting your statement."

"But it is true. I didn't know there was a will till Squire Walker brought it to me the day after the funeral."

"Perhaps you didn't; but I am satisfied that you put the idea into father's head."

"I would rather give up every dollar of the property than have any trouble about it," protested the deacon.

"That's not the thing. I don't want the property, and I won't take a penny of it from you. You may have it on your conscience as long as you live."

The captain left the house as firm in the belief

that his half brother had wronged him out of his inheritance as when he entered it. He was implacable in his hatreds, and from that time he avoided the deacon, and never mentioned him, except to speak ill of him. If he met him, he nodded coldly, and hastened away. At the funeral of the captain's wife, he shook hands with his half brother, but it was only an empty form. The deacon wrote letters, and used every means in his power to effect a reconciliation. The minister of his church, and some of the influential men connected with it, tried their hand at peace-making, but utterly failed. Captain Hollinghead was as inflexible as he was implacable. He was compelled to believe that either his father or his half brother had wronged him of his inheritance, and he preferred to believe it was the latter rather than the former. He built an expensive and elegant marble monument over the old man's grave, and refused to believe that he had ever done him the injury.

Old Mr. Hollinghead had a will and a way of his own, as those who knew him best were willing to testify. Perhaps if Squire Walker, who had drawn up the will, and who had been the custodian

of the document, had been in the city to explain the circumstances, the captain might have been induced to change his opinion of the deacon's conduct; but this gentleman had gone to the west to improve his fortunes, and the deacon did not seem to have force enough to look him up, and procure a statement from him. People generally thought that Captain Hollinghead was unreasonable in his condemnation of his half brother. They concluded that the old man, knowing his younger son was already a rich man, and worth enough to buy out the paternal acres and all the personal property ten times over, believed that the deacon needed the whole of the estate more than the captain did any part of it.

When the latter learned in New York that his father was dead, the division of the property had occurred to him. As he rode on the train towards home, he had turned the subject over in his mind. He had been very fortunate himself, while Sam was still a plodding shoemaker. The whole property would not amount to more than ten thousand dollars. He had fully concluded to let Sam take the whole of the farm; and before he reached his home he had come to the same decision in regard

to the rest of the estate, though he intended to consult his wife in reference to the matter. When he learned, therefore, that his father had already given everything to his brother, he called it "sharp practice;" and a strong reaction took place in his mind. After his return from the visit to the farm, he had made up his mind to contest the will; but his wife, happily, influenced him to abandon this intention.

The deacon was married to a mild, gentle, and pious woman, like himself, and was the father of a son and a daughter. The father named the boy after the distinguished relative who had afterwards been honored in this way by Captain Hollinghead, though the latter had transposed the two names, so that there should be no confusion between the two boys. The deacon's son was Marshall Morris, and the captain's son was Morris Marshall; and each was called by the first name. There is an old proverb about deacon's sons, to the effect that they are apt to turn out badly. Unhappily, Marshall verified the truth of the adage, and was a sore trial to his father, who plead with him, and prayed for him without ceasing. The son was a bad boy. He had been in a great

many bad scrapes, and had cost the deacon a great deal of money, as well as a great deal of anxiety. He was now nineteen, and not only drank bad whiskey and kept bad company, but it was generally believed that he had robbed his employer of a considerable sum of money at different times, though the charge could not be proved.

Mattie Hollinghead, the daughter, was about the age of Morris, the captain's son. If there are any angels in human form, Mattie was one of them. She had all the good traits of her father's character, deepened and intensified. She was not pretty, in the common acceptation of the term; but there was a heavenly beauty in her face which challenged the attention of all who looked upon her. But she was an invalid and a cripple. She had never walked a step in her life without crutches, for one of her legs was withered and paralyzed; and the doctors said she never would walk a step without assistance. Her health, too, was feeble, and she suffered a great deal of pain. Perhaps, if she had not been a cripple, and had been blessed with good health, she would not have been one of earth's angels, for the ministry

of suffering had chastened her spirit and elevated her mind and heart above the temptations which environ the pilgrim below.

The deacon's wife was more ambitious than he was; and when a friend by the name of Blake tempted him to abandon his shoemaker's bench and embark with him in a business undertaking, Mrs. Hollinghead's influence induced him to do so. It was a perfectly legitimate enterprise, and the deacon, realizing on his various investments, furnished five thousand dollars as the capital. The business appeared to prosper; but the amount of capital was insufficient, and the deacon doubled it, though, to obtain the money, he sold the farm. Nearly every dollar he possessed in the world was thus embarked in the venture. It was a manufacturing business, and for a time it flattered the hopes of the partners. The goods, which consisted of various soaps, were manufactured under a patent which had been purchased, and for a brief period there was a sale for them. But a company in another section of the country commenced the manufacture of the same kinds of soap by some similar process, which the deacon's partner declared to be an infringement of their

patent. Whether it was or not, the goods were better and cheaper, and the business was utterly ruined. It was a dead loss to the partners, and they used the last money they had, and borrowed more, to carry on a suit for the infringement of their patent. After three years of vexatious litigation, the case was "hung up" on a law question, and was not yet decided; but the deacon had little hope of a successful issue.

Deacon Hollinghead lost all he had inherited, and owed borrowed money besides. He could not pay it, though the sale of the tools, stock, and debts of the partners paid all the demands of the creditors; but nothing was left but the lawsuit. The deacon could hardly stand under the blow. From plenty on the farm, he had come down to penury in the city. The members of the church had entire confidence in his piety, integrity, and honesty, but very little in his business ability. They were willing to help him, and they did help him in a small way. They raised a few hundred dollars for him, and with it he bought a small house, with a shoemaker's shop attached to it, paying only one-half of the price down, in which he went to work at his trade

again. His spirit was broken, and he had always been slow and plodding. He could barely make a living; but he was resigned to his fate, and "blessed the Lord for all his mercies." Though his courage, so far as the business of this world was concerned, was impaired, he piously believed that his misfortunes were all for the best. He thanked God that he was still an honest man, and, if he could remain so, he was content to die in poverty. He made the best of his hard lot, and poor Mattie smiled as sweetly as ever.

Morris Hollinghead was a frequent visitor at the humble home of the deacon, though he seldom mentioned him to his father. He pitied his uncle in his poverty, and had tried, more than once, and by various expedients, to assist him with money. But the deacon was very sensitive on this subject, and would not accept, or permit his family to accept, anything but the most trivial gifts. He knew that the young man's father did not wish him to see any of his family; and while this estrangement continued, his pride, and perhaps his sense of duty, would not permit him to accept any substantial assistance. Morris wanted to board with his uncle, mainly that he

night help him pecuniarily, but also because he liked to be with Mattie, whose angelic character had won his heart, in the highest sense of the phrase. He loved her as a sister; in no other sense.

When the deacon's misfortunes came upon him, Morris had attempted to interest his father in the subject; but the storm with which the captain overwhelmed him as soon as he had mentioned the matter prevented him from renewing the application. If the deacon should be sick, the brethren of the church would take care of him and his family; but if the deacon should die, as die he must, be it in one, in ten, or in twenty years, — if he should die, what would become of poor Mattie? She could not earn her own living; and Morris feared that his father would visit the sins of the parent upon the child. Even when he was a dozen years old, it had been impressed upon his mind that he must take care of Mattie. Every year deepened the impression. God would care for her when father and mother were gone; but there was always some human agent of his bounty. Morris felt that he was this agent, and he was not disposed to put off the duty till some future time.

Though Mattie was more likely to die than the deacon, she might live to be an old woman.

Morris solemnly charged himself with the obligation of providing for all her wants, even while he was not permitted to bestow a single dollar upon her. He could bring her bouquets, a bunch of grapes, a few oranges, or even a book; but not a dress, nor a perambulating chair, nor a fifty-dollar bill to pay the doctor. The deacon had compelled him to pledge his honor that he would not attempt to give her money, or any expensive article. But the future would give him his opportunity, and he prepared himself to embrace it. His father had always allowed him a liberal supply of pocket money. When he was fourteen Captain Hollinghead gave him a hundred dollars every quarter, or sent it to him from New York. He usually came to Belfast half a dozen times a year, when he paid his son's board bills, and saw that he was fitted out with clothes, and with everything he needed. The captain was liberal and even extravagant, for his son was all he had to think of in the world. Unquestionably, his course was just the one to spoil the boy; and if the son was not spoiled, it was not on account of

ny failure on the part of the father to meet the conditions required to ruin a young man. He llowed the boy four hundred dollars a year when ie was fourteen, five hundred when he was fifteen, nd six hundred when he was sixteen; and was rovoked because people said the thrifty young nan was a miser.

Certainly, Morris was very prudent in his ex- enditures, and he had saved at least three-fourths f his father's extravagant allowance to him. He ad put it in the savings bank, or loaned it, so hat every dollar of it was on interest.

Besides saving from what his father gave him, ie had made no inconsiderable sum by working nd trading. Perhaps it was a strange taste for boy of his condition, but he had a decided enius for cooking. His lessons at school in hemistry had first excited his attention to the rt, and he had studied and practiced it much in he kitchen with his aunt. Mrs. De Canter de- lared that such work was beneath his dignity; in word, it was not genteel. When he went on a shing excursion, he begged the office of cook, nd, as he was neat and skilful, his wish was enerally granted. The result of his operations

at the galley was always satisfactory; and, finally, his services were in demand, and they were paid for. In this and other ways he added perhaps a hundred dollars a year to his income. People laughed, and said the M. M. of his name stood for MONEY-MAKER.

Morris was working and saving for his cousin Mattie. When he entered his seventeenth year, he had actually accumulated twelve hundred dollars, which was deposited in the savings bank, or otherwise invested.

Perhaps Mattie was an angel in his path, t save him from ruin; to keep him from the snar which his father had unwittingly set for him. He had a purpose before him, and he felt that i was a high and holy one. He cared not for th sneers of his companions; he was not offende when people called him "Money-maker;" an even the rebuke of his father made no deep im pression upon him. His disposition was not lik that of his father, who loved the power an influence which money gave him, and who wa flattered by the sycophancy of those who soug his favor. Morris was like his mother, pruden and careful, and he did not value the smiles o those who sold them.

He was fond of boats and boating, and enoyed the exhilaration of an exciting race. He vanted a fast craft, one that would "clean ut" anything of her inches in the fleet. He vas looking for such a boat, and his cousin Marshall had told him that the fastest craft east f New York was then on her way to Belfast, nd that she could be bought for a reasonable rice. Morris was on the lookout for this yacht, which was daily expected. Her owner, Major Valkinback, had bought her in Newport, and, fter his cruise in the bay was finished, he would have no further use for her. If Morris ought a boat, he intended to make her pay her way, and add something to the savings which were to be the fortune of Mattie Hollinghead.

CHAPTER III.

MAJOR WALKINBACK.

MORRIS removed the screws from the box, which lay on the floor of the parlor. His curiosity was very much excited as he did so, for he could form no idea of the contents of the case, and he acquitted his father of any intention to surprise him. He took off the lid, but was none the wiser then, for the packing of the goods, whatever they were, wholly concealed them. He removed half a dozen old newspapers, and then came to a quantity of woollen rags, which he threw out upon the carpet. Then he got hold of something substantial, but it was wrapped in woollen. Removing the covering, the article appeared to be a crowbar, on a small scale, about two feet and a half long. It was polished steel, and was a beautiful piece of workmanship. Another article was somewhat in the shape of a bitstock

A third was an implement such as he had never seen before, and of whose use he could form no possible idea. He turned it over and over, examined it, and tried to apply it to various purposes, but without being any the wiser for the investigation. He was about to take out another article from the box, when he heard a knock at his door.

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Morris," said Mrs. De Canter, when the occupant of the parlor had opened the door, "but Mr. Marshall Hollinghead desires to see you. Shall I show him up?"

"No," replied Morris, very decidedly, for the mention of his cousin's name suggested that the box and the tools belonged to him. "I will go down."

The landlady withdrew, and Morris restored the articles he had taken from the box to their places, just as he had found them. He adjusted the packing and put the lid on, turning in two or three screws to keep it in place. Having done as much as he could to restore the box to its original condition, without making Marshall wait an unreasonable length of time, he went down to the sitting-room.

"How are you, Morris?" said his cousin, as he entered.

"First-rate. How are you?" replied Morris, who could not fail to notice that his cousin was slightly agitated.

"I'm all right. I didn't know as you was coming down to-day."

"I didn't keep you waiting long," answered Morris, who had, by this time, decided not to say anything about the box unless his cousin mentioned it.

"I called to say that Major Walkinback will be here with his boat to-morrow."

"Very well; but if he expects to get a fancy price for her, I shall not buy her."

"I don't know anything about that. He wrote to me from Camden, saying he should be here to-morrow, if there was wind enough to bring him up," said Marshall, more uneasily than the nature of his remark seemed to warrant.

"Who is Major Walkinback?" asked Morris.

"He is a friend of mine."

"Has he ever been in Belfast?"

"Yes; he was here last summer for a month, and was down about six weeks ago."

"Have I seen him?"

"I don't know. He was with me last summer, nearly all the time. He is a fine-looking fellow, and has been all over the world. He is only twenty-five, but he served through the Prussian war, and came out a major."

"Is he a German?"

"No; but he is of German descent. He is a splendid fellow, and you will like him, Morris. The girls are all delighted with him."

"What's his business?"

"He hasn't any. His father is a rich man, out in Ohio — Cincinnati, I believe."

"If he is rich, what does he want to sell his boat for?"

"He has no further use for her. He bought her for the cruise in the bay, and he can't very well take her out to Ohio," replied Marshall, with a hollow laugh. "By the way, Morris, has a box, directed to me, been sent here?"

"Yes; but it was directed to M. M. Hollinghead; and that is my name as well as yours."

"It was intended for me."

"All right. It was sent here, and I supposed it belonged to me, though I knew nothing at all about it," added Morris.

"Where is it now?"

"Up in my room."

"Have you — have you — opened it, Morris?" asked Marshall, trying to conceal his embarrassment.

"I removed the screws from the lid, and was taking the things out when you came," answered Morris. "I didn't know but it contained something my father had sent me, though I thought it was very strange that he didn't mention the matter to me."

"Well, what was in it?" asked Marshall.

"I don't know what the things are for. One of them looked like a small crowbar, another like a bit-stock, and a third was a thing such as I had never seen before. I hadn't the least idea what its use could be. That was all I had examined when the landlady called me. What are the things for, Marshall?"

"I don't know. They are not for me; they belong to Major Walkinback. He wrote me a note, as I told you before, and said he should be here to-morrow, and that he had sent a box to me, which he wished me to keep till he came. I asked the expressman about it, and he told me

he had delivered it to you. That's all I know about it; and I had no idea, till you told me, what the box contained. A crowbar, a bit-stock, and — what did you say the other thing was?"

"I didn't say. I don't know. It isn't like anything else that I ever saw, and I couldn't make out what it was for."

"Well, I suppose it is none of my business what the thing is for. I will take the box home with me."

"I think not," laughed Morris; "it is too heavy to be carried under your arm."

"Let me look at it, Morris, and I will see what can be done with it."

The two cousins went up to the parlor, and the box was lifted and examined. Morris put in all the screws as he had found them. Late in the evening, Marshall came for the box, and conveyed it home on a wheelbarrow.

"I wouldn't say anything about this, Morris," said Marshall, after they had placed the box on the wheelbarrow; "I shouldn't want the major to know that it had been opened."

"I supposed it was for me, or I shouldn't have touched it," replied Morris.

"Of course; there is no harm done; but it is just as well to say nothing about it to any one."

"I shall not be likely to say anything, and probably shall not think of the matter again."

Morris did think of it again, after his cousin had gone; but it was only to wonder what the strange implements he had taken from the box were to be used for. He could not satisfy himself by any reflection on this point, and then he ceased to think of it. He studied his French lesson, and went to bed at a reasonable hour.

After tea, the next evening, Marshall called upon him again, with Major Walkinback, who had arrived early in the afternoon. The major was certainly a good-looking fellow, and appeared to be even younger than twenty-five. He was fashionably dressed, though his air was rather "swellish." A diamond ring glittered on his finger, and another brilliant sparkled on his shirt-bosom. He wore a heavy gold vest-chain, with a large seal. In his hand he carried a light, gold-headed cane, and his left hand was encased in a very dainty kid glove, the mate to which he held in the same hand. On his head was a new white hat, of the style which had just been thrown

upon the market. Morris thought he was gotten up very elaborately for a boatman engaged in exploring the shores of Penobscot Bay.

"Morris, this is my friend, Major Walkinback, of which I spoke to you," said Marshall. "Major, my cousin, Mr. Morris Hollinghead."

Major Walkinback removed his white hat, which he had worn till he entered Morris's parlor, and bowed very politely as he extended his ungloved hand.

"Mr. Hollinghead, I am very happy to know you," he said, in a deep, bass voice, which one would not have expected to proceed from such a slender frame.

Morris took the hand offered, and returned the salute as courteously as it had been given.

"I have often heard of your father in New York, Mr. Hollinghead. He is quite a lion there; a particular friend of Commodore Vanderbilt, I believe."

"I'm sure I don't know whether he is or not," replied Morris. "Do you reside in New York, Major?"

"No; but I am there a great deal. I can hardly be said to reside anywhere," laughed the visitor.

"I'm a wandering star. I go where I can have the best time, and stay there as long as my inclination dictates."

"Then I suppose you will not remain long in Belfast," suggested Morris.

"On the contrary, I may remain all summer, for I think it is one of the most delightful places I ever visited, either on this continent or the other. The fact is, I have nothing in the world to do but to spend my income," added Major Walkinback, as he twirled his cane, and toyed with the glove in his hand.

"Then I hope your income isn't large enough to overwork you."

"Ha, ha! very good," chuckled the elegant visitor. "It keeps me tolerably busy. If I get into society in a place, I am generally obliged to leave, after a few weeks, in order to prevent being overworked."

"Indeed!"

"I don't know how it is; I can't explain it for the life of me; but the ladies seem to be very fond of me;" and the major smoothed out his long, brown mustache, which was the only beard he wore.

"I hope they don't persecute you," interposed Morris.

"'Pon my word, that's just what they do!" exclaimed the major, laughing. "But don't misunderstand me, Mr. Hollinghead, for I am not to blame for what nature has done for me. I beg your pardon; but I see that you misconstrue what I say; for, upon my honor, I do not refer to my personal appearance. Though I generally get a better photograph than most men, when my picture is taken, I trust I am not vain. I really set a very small price upon my personal beauty, whatever nature may have done for me in that direction. In fact, I think a handsome man is a humbug. It isn't the prerogative of a man to be handsome; that belongs to the ladies. The only beauty I can recognize in a man is symmetry of form;" and the major rose from his chair, and straightened himself up, as though he thought he was not deficient in this requisite. "But when I speak of being persecuted by the ladies, I don't refer to any of these things."

Major Walkinback sauntered across the room to the window, twirling his cane, and swinging his glove. He was evidently quite at home, and not at all bashful.

"In what manner are you persecuted, Major?" asked Morris, who was more amused at, than impressed by, the manners of his magnificent visitor.

"Do you sing, Mr. Hollinghead?" asked the major, walking over to the writing-desk at which Morris was seated.

"I do not. I used to sing in school; but since my voice began to change, I don't sing at all," replied Morris.

"Then you know nothing of the trials of a good singer. It is my misfortune to have a good voice, and a quick ear for music."

"I shouldn't regard it as a misfortune," added Morris.

"No, you would not, because you don't sing. I went to Italy, when I was only eighteen, to study music. My success was of no ordinary character. I sang Ernani, and leading parts of the principal operas in La Scala in Milan, and San Carlo in Naples. The applause which always greeted me amounted to a tempest. I was invited to the palaces of princes, dukes, and lords; and when I sang in Florence, I used to dine with the King of Italy once a week. And yet it was all a bore to me. I didn't like to have a crowd of people applauding me wherever I went."

"Very annoying, I should say," added Morris.

"Then, the ladies were running after me — princesses, duchesses, countesses, and such kind of people. But, 'pon my word, it was a great bore to me."

"I should think it would have been. I don't believe I could have stood that," laughed Morris.

"I had no occasion to do this sort of thing. My governor is worth a few millions, and has often begged me, with tears in his eyes, to help him spend his income. I do the best I can; but, after my most determined efforts, the old gentleman is not satisfied. But I could not sing in opera without a salary, because it was a sacrifice of my dignity; and I had to take three thousand francs a night, though I didn't know what in the world to do with the money. I hired a palace, kept about a hundred servants, and had a stud of two hundred horses. But I couldn't spend my governor's allowance and my salary. It was out of the question, quite out of the question. So I was obliged to quit the stage, which, however, had become a decided bore to me. At first, it was a novelty; but one soon tires of applause and admiration. I beg your pardon, Mr. Holling-

head; but, really, I'm doing all the talking myself."

"It is quite proper that you should do so, since you are better qualified than I am to do it," replied Morris.

"Well, I was only going to say, that, when I go into society, I am always invited to sing, and I am sure to make a sensation, — pardon my egotism, Mr. Hollinghead, — and I have enough singing to do to wear out a dozen pairs of lungs. I am invited to the houses of all the *élite*. Of course I don't like to be ill-natured, and so I sing and submit to the applause and the admiration of the ladies; but, I assure you, it is all a bore to me. If you look at it only one moment, Mr. Hollinghead, you will see that my view is quite correct. After winning the plaudits of four thousand people in La Scala and San Carlo, where I was always received with a hurricane of applause, and where the stage was covered to the depth of two feet with bouquets, and I was compelled to wade through them, knee-deep, — after such tokens of approbation, of course the applause of a little drawing-room party seems quite tame. It is nothing but a bore, and I can't stand it after a few weeks."

"I hope we shall have an opportunity to hear you sing, Major Walkinback," suggested Morris.

"There is the difficulty; if I begin, I have to continue it. The ladies will worry me till I am a martyr. However, I shall be very happy to sing for you."

"You must be a great star here, if you were so successful in Italy."

"But I never sing in public in my own country. I consider it beneath my dignity. I was engaged to sing in Paris, but the Franco-Prussian war prevented me from doing so. I am rather glad I did not, for there are so many Americans in Paris who would have heard me, that I should have been bored to death to go on the stage after I came home. You see, I had a stage name which I used in Italy, so that people never suspected that I was an American."

"And you were in Europe during the Prussian war?" asked Morris.

"Not only in Europe, but in the war. My sympathies were all with the Prussians, and I felt it to be my duty to take part in the great struggle. I went to Berlin, and offered my services to the King, who gladly accepted them, and gave me a

commission as a captain in the Uhlans. I was in nearly every battle of the war, and was promoted to the rank of major; and if I hadn't been so young, I should, no doubt, have come out a major-general. The regular officers were rather jealous, too, of foreign volunteers, though I spoke the German language as well as any of them."

"Were you in the battle of Sedan?" inquired Morris.

"Certainly I was. My battalion beat down a whole brigade of French infantry, and the King of Prussia thanked me in person for my valuable services. In everything, except the matter of promotion, Wilhelm treated me very handsomely. I used to dine with him about once a week."

"I suppose you have seen Bismarck."

"Seen him? Bismarck was a particular friend of mine, and used to ask my advice in regard to important matters. I think I can say, without any egotism, that I had something to do in this way in shaping the destiny of Germany. I was talking with him at Sedan, just before the final charge, when my battalion had a moment of rest, though half a dozen *mitrailleuses* were scattering

a perfect shower of bullets around us. Bismarck is a tremendous smart fellow, and knows something about the art of war, as well as politics. He saw a brigade of French infantry thrown into a position which endangered the victory of the Germans. Says he to me, 'Walkinback, we are floored!' I don't mean to say he used just those words, though I can tell you what he said in German: '*Sprechen sie Deutsch*, Herr Hollinghead?'"

"*Nein, nicht viel*," laughed Morris.

"'*Herr Bismarck, hat mir gasagt*—'"

"I think you had better say it in English," interposed Morris.

"I will translate what he said into English. 'Bismarck,' says I, slapping him on the back, 'this is my opportunity. If you will get an order for me to do it, I will clean out that brigade in less than seven minutes.' Then he went to the King, who talked the matter over with Moltke. In two minutes more one of the King's aids brought me the order. In less than four minutes from the time I gave the order to move, one-half of that French brigade were either dead or wounded, and the other half were running like sheep before our horses. 'How's that for high, Bismarck?'

said I, when the job was done. The King rode over to me as soon as we came in, and gave me his hand, and declared that I had done the biggest thing of the campaign. But, really, Mr. Hollinghead, I didn't mean to do all the talking.'

"Were you wounded in any of these battles, major?" asked Morris.

"Twenty-seven times in all; but I was never hit in the back. I had my head split open at Gravelotte, and was left for dead on the field,' replied the major, placing his gloved hand on his head. "But the surgeons patched it up in a fortnight, so that I was as well as ever; and they didn't leave even a scar to show where the cut was made. Those German surgeons are skilful fellows."

"I should think they were."

"I was on my feet in two weeks, and rode two hundred miles in ten hours, on my favorite horse, so as to be in the affair at Sedan. I got there just in time to take an active part in the battle. Upon my word, I continue to do all the talking, Mr. Hollinghead. My friend, here, intimated that you wished to purchase a boat," said the visitor.

"I do; but I suppose you will consider it beneath your dignity to sell one," laughed Morris.

"Well, no, not at the present time. I do not have the salary of a first-class tenor or barytone of a grand opera troupe to dispose of, in addition to my own income. Besides, I can only draw my allowance in New York; and I am really ashamed to own that my funds are quite low at this time. 'Pon my word, I don't believe I have above a thousand dollars in my pocket at this moment."

"I should say you could get along for a few days on that sum," added Morris.

"That will depend upon circumstances. At any rate, I shall not object to adding a few hundreds to it."

"My cousin says your boat is fast."

"Fast! That isn't the word for it. Why, I have run her twenty-one miles and three quarters in sixty minutes, or I'm a liar," exclaimed the major.

Morris was too well bred to take advantage of the alternative, and he only thought that the latter part of the clause was the truer part of the statement.

"She must be a very fast boat," he remarked.

"That's just what I assure you she is. If I should sell her according to the speed there is in her, she would bring her weight in gold."

"I am afraid I shall not be able to buy her, as it is."

"I wrote to my friend here that I should sell her in Belfast, and I shall do so. I hired a boatman at Newport to take charge of her; but after I had paid him up in full in Camden, he ran away and left me. I won't take care of her myself, though I should like to use her, and am willing to pay for her. For my own amusement I have been giving some attention to the sciences lately, especially to mineralogy. I am gathering a cabinet of minerals, and I desire to crack some of the rocks on the islands below here."

Morris concluded that this must be the use to which the strange tools in the box were to be applied.

"What is the name of your boat?" he asked.

"The Basilisk. Will you go down and see her before dark?"

Morris assented, and they left the house.

CHAPTER IV.

THE BASILISK.

MORRIS sauntered down to one of the wharves with Major Walkinback. Marshall was one of the party, though he modestly kept in the background, evidently preferring that his brilliant friend should shine without any help from him.

In fact, the major's tongue seemed to hang on well-oiled hinges, and in his presence there was not much opportunity for any one else to say anything.

"There is my boat, and she is for sale," said he, as the trio reached the landing-steps on the wharf. "I can say, without the fear of contradiction, that her equal is not to be found in the waters of Maine."

"If, by her equal, you mean anything like her, I should say you are quite right," replied Morris, as, with a critical eye, he surveyed the craft.

The Basilisk was twenty-eight feet long, but a considerable portion of her length was in her sharp bow, which was of the ram pattern, her nose projecting, under water, about two feet forward of the head of the stem. She was cat-rigged; that is, she had one mast, stepped far forward, on which she carried a tremendous mainsail. She had no bowsprit, and ordinarily carried no jib. She had a cuddy forward, which contained two berths, though it was very small for a craft of her size. Most of her space inboard was in the standing-room, which was large enough to seat a dozen persons.

Morris went down the steps, and on board of the Basilisk. He crawled into the cuddy, and opened the well and the lockers, carefully examining the timbers where there was any chance to do so. A fresh coat of paint made the craft look as good as new. But the money-maker was not to be deceived by any outside show, and he looked where the age and the condition of the craft could be determined.

"The boat was not built for you, Major Walkinback," said Morris, when he had completed his survey.

"What makes you think so?" asked the owner, drawing on one of his kid gloves.

"Because she was built before you were born," replied Morris, laughing.

"Not at all, Mr. Hollinghead, not at all. She is six years old, this spring; not a day older, upon my sacred honor," protested the major. "I believe I mentioned to you that I had lived in Italy."

"I think you did."

"Well, I had a villa on the Lake of Como,—of course you know the Lake of Como, Mr. Hollinghead."

"Never heard of it," replied Morris, chuckling. "Some mud-puddle, I suppose."

"Not at all! It is the most beautiful lake in the world, and it takes a steamer four hours to go its length."

"What! the length of the steamer?"

"No; the length of the lake," added Major Walkinback, with a frown, for he began to suspect that the customer for the Basilisk was quizzing him.

"Excuse me. I understand you now," answered Morris, gravely.

"My villa on the Lake of Como was only a few rods from the water, and I had a pleasure-boat built exactly after the model of the Basilisk. Well, Mr. Hollinghead, the Beatrice — that's what I called her, after the beautiful daughter of the Duke of Menaggio, who was rather sweet on me — the Beatrice would outsail anything else that ever floated. Why, I actually beat one of the steamboats, going the whole length of the lake."

"How long did you say that lake was?"

"I said it took a steamer four hours to go its length."

"It was a slow steamer, then, if it took four hours to go its length."

"The length of the lake," added the major, rather sharply.

"Of course. But I can't tell whether the lake was very short, or the steamer was very slow."

"The steamer makes ten or twelve miles an hour."

"And you beat her?"

"Beat her by over fifteen minutes."

"You had a good breeze."

"A fair breeze. It was not too heavy."

"And the Basilisk was the boat that did it?"

queried Morris, carelessly, as he opened a locker, and peered into it.

"No. I said a boat just like her.. But the Basilisk will sail as fast as she did. She has taken the first prize in every regatta she entered. She paid for herself three times over, in one season."

"I'm afraid I can't buy her, if she is so valuable. I can't pay any fancy price for her."

"I don't ask any fancy price for her," protested the major.

"I shouldn't think the owner would have sold her."

"He died, and the boat was sold at auction in New York city, where she wasn't known. But I knew all about her, and bought her at a low price."

"What do you ask for her, Major?" asked Morris, coming directly to the point.

"She is worth a thousand dollars, and would bring that in Newport, to-day; but I will sell her for six hundred to you. I wouldn't sell her to anybody else for that."

"You are very affectionate, Major. But I must go home," added Morris.

"I thought you wanted to buy a boat."

"So I do. But I won't pay any six hundred dollars for this boat. She is old enough to be my grandmother."

"She is six years old. But you must see her sail, Mr. Hollinghead," said the major, as he took off his gloves, and removed his coat.

"No use. If she could beat all the steamers in the bay, I wouldn't give the price you name."

"But we will take a little sail, whether you buy her or not," continued Major Walkinback, as he took an old coat from the cuddy and put it on.

With the assistance of Morris and Marshall, he hoisted the mainsail, and cast off the fasts. The breeze was very light.

"There isn't wind enough to show what a boat will do," Morris remarked.

"Plenty. The Basilisk will sail whether there is any wind or not," replied the major.

"She's a very remarkable boat, then."

"She is; I keep telling you she is," added the major, as he seated himself at the tiller.

"There goes the Maud," said Marshall. "She is the fastest craft in the Yacht Club. You can give her a try."

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"If I were you, Mr. Hollinghead, I shouldn't do it," added Major Walkinback. "If you buy the Basilisk—"

"I shall not buy her," interposed Morris.

"I was going to say, if you buy her, you had better keep her covered up till the race comes off. Then you will surprise the crowd when you take the first prize."

"And surprise myself at the same time. I see you don't care to sail with the Maud," laughed Morris.

"You don't understand me," answered the major, apparently hurt by the suspicion which Morris had hinted. "I am willing to sail with anything in these waters, before you buy the Basilisk. That boat which you call the Maud is a heavy-weather craft, slow and clumsy."

"I think not. She will beat anything in the bay."

"That may be; but she is heavy and lazy. The Basilisk is not a heavy-weather boat, though I came up from Newport in her. I don't believe she would stand it very well in a hurricane, for she was built to sail. I think it is very likely the Maud would beat her in a gale of wind; but in

any ordinary weather, the Basilisk can sail around her, and keep doing it all day."

The Basilisk got a little air on the upper part of her mainsail, and shot out from the wharf. The Maud was coming up the harbor, making not over a knot an hour, in the light breeze, which came in gentle zephyrs from the west. Certainly there was very little excuse for a boat's going in such a light air; but the Basilisk walked out into the bay as though wafted by a four-knot breeze.

"Now, haul in that main sheet, Marshall," said the major, as he put the helm down, with the intention of overhauling the Maud.

"She does move along very well," added Morris, surprised at the speed of the Basilisk, when there was hardly a breath of wind.

"Every word I have told you about her is true," replied the major.

"Now we are on the same tack as the Maud, and half a mile astern of her."

"All of that."

"The wind is puffing up a little," continued the major, as a gentle whiff of air struck the immense mainsail of the boat, heeled her over a little, and caused her to dart ahead as though she had

been driven forward by some powerful unseen force.

The Basilisk actually seemed to fly, considering the lightness of the breeze. In less than ten minutes, she overhauled the Maud, and walked by her as though the latter had been aground. The wind freshened a little more, and she increased her speed proportionally. The skipper came about after he had passed the Maud, and, letting off the sheet, ran down the bay.

Samuel Rodman, the captain of the Maud, who was at her helm, was even more astonished than Morris at the speed of the Basilisk, and he watched her with intense interest, for he had an eye upon the first prize at the coming regatta. Major Walinback ran his queer-shaped craft astern of the Maud, and then came about again, Marshall hauling in the sheet as he did so. She was close-hauled on the same tack as the sloop. In a few moments she overtook, and passed her. She had thus sailed entirely around the Maud, and Captain Rodman was greatly mortified at the success of the feat.

"Let me catch her out, when the wind blows," said Captain Rodman to his companions.

"How are you, Sam?" shouted Morris, fro the Basilisk, as she passed the Maud a third time

"What boat's that, Morris?" asked Rodman.

Morris gave her name; but before anythin more could be said, they were out of hearing.

"I will go around her again, if you are n satisfied, Mr. Hollinghead," said Major Walki back, as the Basilisk went off with the wind her starboard quarter.

"I am entirely satisfied, Major," replied Mo ris. "She is certainly a very remarkable sailer.

"I told you she was."

"But she is a light-weather craft."

"Of course, she will not carry that mainsail a gale of wind; but she is stiff enough for a weather I am willing to go out in. I stuck h right across from Cape Ann to the Isles Shoals, and it blew fresh all the way. It twenty-five miles from land to land, and s made it in one hour and forty minutes by t watch. The sea was rather rough for her, or s would have done better."

"I think that is well enough," laughed Morr "Why, she made fifteen statute miles an hou and that is better than almost any steamer does

"She makes nothing of beating a steamer, under favorable circumstances. Now, do you want to buy her, or not? If you do, she is for sale."

"I will not give six hundred dollars for her, for I think there must be some mistake about her age."

"What will you give for her?" asked the major, briskly.

"Three hundred dollars," replied Morris, promptly.

"Do you mean to insult me?" demanded the owner of the Basilisk, with dignity.

"By no means, Major Walkinback. If you don't mean business, I do not care to talk."

"The boat could not be built to-day for a thousand dollars; and I think she would bring that in Newport, where she is known."

"I should take her down there, if she was mine, then," added Morris.

"I don't care to do that. I am going to stay down here for a month or two."

"Till the ladies make a martyr of you, and drive you out of the city," laughed Morris.

"Yes, and I want the boat here. Marshall

said you intended to let your boat when you bought one."

"Not exactly let her; but I shall take parties out in her."

"All right. It is the same thing. I wouldn't sell her at any price if I couldn't have the use of her, occasionally. I don't wish to hire another man to take care of her. I want to go geologizing on those rocks once in a while. I had a lot of tools made after the pattern of some I obtained from my friend, Professor Mohs, of Dresden, with which I can cut up a rock as easily as though it was so much cheese. I directed them to be sent here; and when they come, I will show them to you."

"A box which was very heavy came last night," interposed Marshall. "It was directed to me; and I took care of it, as you requested in your letter."

"O! has it come?" demanded the major. "Why didn't you tell me of it before?"

"I didn't think of it."

"I hope you put it in a dry place, where the steel won't rust. But we were speaking of the boat, Mr. Hollinghead;" and the owner turned to

lorris. "I want to sell her to you. After all, ; don't make so much difference what I get r her; only it injures the reputation of a oat to sell her under price. You shall take er at five hundred."

"I will not give more than three hundred for r," replied Morris. "I can buy a boat as ood as I want for that. Of course, I don't ex- ct you to sell her for that."

"I'll tell you what I'll do, Mr. Hollinghead. or the reasons I have stated, I will split the fference between us, and say four hundred. It a shameful sacrifice, and I ought to be whipped r selling her at that price."

"I don't wish you even to deserve whipping; d so I will not give four hundred. I under- and your position exactly, Major Walkinback: d I don't expect you to sacrifice your feelings, the boat. I can buy what I want for the sum med."

"You are the toughest Down Easter I ever et! You have seen this boat sail, and you ill give but three hundred dollars for her."

"That's all."

"Why, I shouldn't dare to look in the glass

again, if I sold the Basilisk for three hun dred.''

''Don't do it, then, Major,'' protested Morris

''I only haggle for the reputation of the boat If I should give her away, it would save me th trouble of spending what she will bring me,' mused the owner.

The major suggested three hundred and fift dollars as an equitable compromise betwee them; but Morris would not rise a penny.

''Mr. Hollinghead, the boat is yours; but wish you to understand that I'm giving her awa and you will oblige me very much indeed if yo do not mention the price, for if it was known, should hang my head with shame,'' said th major, desperately.

''I usually keep my own business to myself, replied Morris, who was not particularly elate at his bargain.

The purchaser took the helm, and the la owner instructed him in regard to the peculiar ties of the Basilisk. She steered well, a worked very promptly, even in the light breez It was quite dark when the party landed in t cove above the wharves, where the new own

tended to keep her. He anchored her near the eet of yachts belonging to the club. Captain odman came ashore at about the same time, nd he was curious to know more about the range craft. Morris introduced him to Major Valkinback; and for the next ten minutes a reat deal of "boat brag" passed between them.

"Let me catch her out when it blows a stiff eeze," said Rodman, "and I'll give her some. he sails first-rate when there is no wind."

"I want to join the club, and enter her for e first race, Sam," added Morris.

"All right; you will be voted in at the meet- g over on Turtle Head next Saturday. I have doubt your boat is fast in a light breeze, orris. So is the Christabel; she can sail around in a two-knot breeze. But it so happened t at all our regattas last season we had a stiff eeze, and she did not take a single prize, nor ke any show at all."

"If the wind is light, the race will be between Christabel and the Basilisk, and we will look the rest of you over the stern," replied Mor- cheerfully, as he walked towards his board- house, attended by Major Walkinback, who

was going there to receive the money for the boat.

Morris had drawn the check his father had given him; and in his parlor he paid for the Basilisk, and received a bill of sale of her. Marshall had gone home, and the major seemed to be in no hurry to depart. He told marvellous stories of what he had done, and what he had seen. Morris could not mention a battle of the Franco-Prussian war in which he had not taken part, and almost invariably he had turned the scale in favor of the Germans, by some daring deed with his battalion of Uhlans.

"The Germans would have come out badly, if it hadn't been for you," said Morris, quietly.

"I did my share; but, of course, I don't like to brag about it," replied Major Walkinback. "I don't believe, if I had taken a notion to come home instead of joining the Prussian army, that the Germans would have come out quite as well as they did. The thing was managed very well; but you know that the best-laid plans often fail in some of the smallest details; and a mass of cavalry may save the day by a well-timed sortie."

"When did you leave Germany?"

"Just as soon as the war was over. The fact is, I was so praised and flattered that I got disgusted with the whole thing. I think that Prince Frederick Wilhelm, the heir apparent of Prussia, who fought through the whole war, intended to marry me to his oldest daughter, Charlotte, who, you know, is the grand-daughter of Queen Victoria. He didn't say so; but I could see what he was driving at, and I thought it was about time to come home. The prince gave me a letter of introduction to his mother-in-law, of England, and I called upon her at Windsor as I came along. The old lady received me very handsomely, and I found that her son-in-law had posted her up by letter in regard to me. I staid there a couple of weeks, dancing with duchesses, and flirting with maids of honor, till they bored me about to death; and then I came home."

"You have been a great sufferer, Major," laughed Morris. "I hope the ladies of Belfast won't persecute you beyond your strength."

"I shall not permit them to do so," added the major. "Do I not hear the sound of a piano?"

"Very likely. Mrs. Dunmore, who boards here, has a very fine instrument in the parlor, and I think she has some friends with her this evening."

About nine o'clock, the distinguished visitor decided that he must return to the hotel, and Morris went down-stairs with him. The door of the parlor was wide open, and Ned Patterdale stood near it. Seeing Morris, he came out into the hall to inquire about the Basilisk. Morris introduced the major, and both of them were invited to enter the apartment by Mrs. Dunmore, who came out to find her fellow-boarder. Major Walkinback, with infinite grace and politeness, offered his arm to Mrs. Dunmore, who was a widow of thirty, and they entered the parlor. Possibly the lady was fascinated, like others who, in times past, had persecuted the elegant guest. She presented him to all in the room, and the major made himself exceedingly agreeable. He bowed and smiled, and wove bits of French and Italian into his dainty conversation, and did not seem to suffer any of the pangs of martyrdom; but this was only the beginning. He was talking with Miss Nellie Patterdale, who was the prettiest girl

in the room, when Mrs. Dunmore came to her with a request to play the piano.

"By all means, Miss Patterdale; allow me to join in the invitation," said the major, as he offered her his arm.

"Don't you play, Major Walkinback?" asked Nellie.

"O, yes, a little, when there is no one else to entertain the party," replied the major, modestly. "But, of course, I could not think of playing after you had been invited to do so."

Nellie was a sensible girl, and did not make the usual excuses and apologies provided for such occasions. She played, and she played very well, the major turning the leaves of the music in the right places. Morris had some grave doubts about the ability of his new friend to sing and play, and did not take much stock in the stories of La Scala and San Carlo; but he suggested to Miss Patterdale that the major could sing. Nellie asked for a song, and the elegant gentleman seated himself at the instrument. With no little flourish, lifting his hands at times a foot or two above the key-board, he played a fantasia on Sweet Home, with variations, after the manner of

Thalberg. It was a success, and the attention of all in the room was arrested. Then he sang an Italian song, and his rich barytone voice won the applause of the party. From that moment, Major Walkinback was a first-class lion, and his martyrdom had already commenced.

CHAPTER V.

THE MAJOR CAMPS OUT.

AFTER the company in the parlor had gone, Morris debited his cash account with three hundred dollars which he had saved from his father's appropriation for a boat. His assets were now fifteen hundred dollars, besides accumulated interest, with no debts. If his uncle, the deacon, should be taken away at any time now, Morris felt that he could place poor Mattie in an independent position. He was very well satisfied with himself, and the idea of helping his invalid cousin was more grateful to him than being the owner of the finest yacht in the fleet. He seemed to have the attributes of his mother's character rather than those of his father, for he was inclined to be saving and careful of his money.

Only one thing troubled him, and that was the investment of his money. He was not willing to

lend it on notes of hand without security — notes given to a minor; for some of his debtors might take advantage of his want of legal capacity to do business, and he did not like to call in the aid of his father. This was really a troublesome question to him. He was partial to the savings banks. But the amount received from a single depositor was limited, and he could not put any more money in the bank in his native city. But there was one in Pinchport, another in Castine; and he saw no reason why he could not use them. He could even deposit in any of these institutions in the larger towns between Bangor and Portland. Pinchport was the nearest of these places. This wasn't the real name of the town, which, for reasons we consider sufficient, we do not care to give. It was a large and enterprising village, containing a bank, a savings bank, a hotel, and the fine residences of many wealthy men, who had retired wholly or partially from business. It was about eight miles distant from Belfast, and Morris decided to run over there in the Basilisk on the next Saturday, and then visit Turtle Head to attend the meeting of the Yacht Club.

After school the next day, Morris went down to

the shore with the intention of trying the Basilisk. He preferred to go alone, for he desired to experiment in working her, with no one to criticise or suggest; for a boatman is very apt to think he can sail a boat better than any other person. The tender of the yacht was on the beach, and he put off to the Basilisk. She was an odd-looking craft, and when he was within a short distance of her, he rested on his oars to survey her as she lay on the water. Certainly, she was a graceful boat, and her ram bow was not unlike the breast of a swan. The mast raked rather more than usual in cat-rigged boats, giving her a peculiarly jaunty appearance. On the whole, he liked her, and was pleased with the trade he had made. He went on board of her when he had completed his survey, and hoisted the mainsail. While he was thus engaged, Major Walkinback, in a small keel-boat, pulled alongside. During the day he had removed his trunk, gun, fishing tackle, and other personal property, from the Basilisk to the hotel.

"How are you, Morris?" said the major, who had the evening before dropped his formal address, and called the young man by his first name only.

"First-rate. How are you, major?" replied the money-maker.

"Never better. What do you think of my purchase?" added the major, as he glanced over the boat in which he sat.

"Have you bought that boat?"

"Yes. I am going to camp out on the island near Pinchport for a few weeks, and I want her to fish and go about in. Won't you join me, Morris? I suppose you camp out every season."

"Not I," laughed Morris; "I never do it if I can help it. I think camping out is a sort of lunacy, in which no sane man will indulge."

"Not at all, my boy. You don't know what you are talking about. You are the lunatic. I enjoy it exceedingly. When I was in Europe, I used to spend a month in this way every season. One year I pitched my tent on the Island of Monte Cristo. Of course you have read the book by that name."

"Never did."

"Then you had better do it. I have a copy in French, which I will lend you."

"It would take me seven years to read it in French, and I should have to wear out seven dictionaries in the job."

"Read it in English, then. The treasures of

Monte Cristo were found on this island, and I explored the caves which had contained it. One year I camped out on the top of Mont Blanc; but it was rather chilly there, and I only did it for the name of the thing. The gentleman who went with me, and sixteen of the guides, tumbled over a precipice and were killed, so that I was left alone."

"But how many guides did you have?"

"We had twenty-seven. But the rest of them were so frightened that they went down and left me there. However, I staid my month out, for I don't allow trifles to scare me out of anything I undertake. Another year I camped out on an island in Lake Maggiore. Prince Amadeus, the fellow who was elected King of Spain, was with me this time. He was a particular friend of mine, and a splendid fellow, by the way."

"You have been in good company," suggested Morris.

"O, that is nothing. I have been on a time with bigger fellows than the King of Spain. I used to go out shooting every day with the Emperor of Austria; and Louis Napoleon used to tease me to dine with him about four times a week, on

the average. But these things are a great bore, and I prefer a nice, quiet time with some good fellow here on the coast of Maine. I wish you would go with me, Morris."

"I can't leave school."

"Confound the school! I will be your tutor."

"I don't like camping out. It don't agree with me. I would rather sleep in the boat, if I were going off."

"That spoils the romance of the thing. I found a tent to-day. I'm getting things ready, and I hope to be in camp before Sunday. By the way, Morris, you said you would let the boat, if I sold her to you."

"Yes; that is part of my plan; five dollars for a whole day, and three for half a day," added the money-maker.

"Never mind the price; I don't object to that."

"I shall sail her myself, and cook for the party."

"All right; but I want you to hold her for me about three times a week."

"I can only go on Saturdays for all day, until vacation."

"Very well. I want you to take me over to ne island next Saturday morning."

"Do you want her all day?"

"No; I shall want the time to set up the tent nd get things ready. Then I mean to spend a rt of my time in the city. After school, you n run over and sail me back, and return in the veniug. We will call this trip a day."

"I am satisfied," replied Morris. "I should ink you would like Turtle Head, or some place the Northport shore, better than the island."

"I took a fancy to the island when I was here st summer."

"I can take you to a hundred better places."

"My mind is made up to go there."

"But it is a mean place."

"I don't think so. It just suits me."

Morris knew the island very well, and he was rprised at the choice of Major Walkinback, for e could think of no place so ill-adapted to camp- g out. The late owner of the Basilisk did not lunteer to join the present owner in his trial- ip, and soon left him. Morris weighed the nchor, and stood down the bay. The boat was asily managed, and Morris liked her very well.

The wind was moderately fresh. It would have been but a fair sailing-breeze for the Skylark, the Maud, and the Sea Foam; but it was all the Basilisk could bear. The boatman ran for Turtle Head, and made the seven miles in thirty-five minutes, which was at the rate of twelve miles an hour. But it was plain to Morris that she could not carry a whole mainsail in any stiffer breeze, for she made a great fuss in what would have been only a six or seven knot breeze for the heavy-weather sloops. The wind was south-west, and fair both ways; but it was freshening rapidly; and when he went out from behind the bluff on his return, a sharp flaw knocked the Basilisk down till the water poured in over her wash-board, for Morris had rather carelessly made fast the main sheet. The white caps were beginning to pile themselves up in the bay, and the boatman came about and went under the lee of the bluff, where he put a single reef in the sail.

Under this short canvas, she went along very well. The tide had turned, and was now going out, so that beyond the bluff, there was a smart chop sea. The Basilisk behaved very well, and buoyantly lifted her ram nose over the waves,

driving ahead at a tremendous speed; but before Morris reached Belfast, he found that the sail needed another reef. Whatever else she was, the craft was not an able boat.

Under the lee of the land the skipper took the second reef in his mainsail, for the wind continued to come fresher and fresher, till it amounted to half a gale. Morris stood off again, determined to ascertain what the Basilisk would carry. It was too much for her, and he could only keep her right side up by coming up into the wind and letting off the sheet. He wondered how the boat had ever come up from Newport; but he put in a third and last reef. As he did so, he saw that these reef-points were newer than the others, and concluded that they had been found necessary, for few yachts have more than two rows of reef-points in the mainsail.

Less than half the height and about one-third of the square feet of the sail were now set, and again Morris stood off into the wind and the sea. In this condition the Basilisk made tolerably good weather of it; but the skipper could not beat her up to windward with much success. She did very well with a fair wind; but the Maud, and yachts

of her class, could carry all sail, and even a gaff-topsail in that breeze. Morris foresaw that he was doomed to be laughed at by the owners of the heavy-weather boats; and he feared that the reputation which the Basilisk might obtain would injure her for parties. In the heavy sea, she creaked and groaned, and even bent and twisted; but she leaked very little, which indicated that she did not open her seams. It was plain enough that she had been built only to sail in light or moderate weather. However, at the price Morris had bought her, she was not a bad bargain, and he was confident that he could make her pay very well.

Morris had given his name in to be proposed at the meeting of the Yacht Club, and entered the Basilisk for the race on the twentieth. He had made up his mind that if the wind blew a ten-knot breeze on the day of the regatta, he should withdraw her; for he did not like the idea of going around the course with those reefs in the mainsail, when even the Christabel carried only one, and the Skylark class wore gaff-topsails. In anything short of a six-knot breeze, she was sure of the prize; and while he was hoping for a light

wind, most of the other yachtmen were sighing for "a regular snorter;" and certainly the latter made the liveliest and most exciting race.

Morris moored his boat after the trial, not quite so well satisfied with her as he had been when he bought her; but he intended to make the best of his bargain. If he won the prize, he was reasonably sure that he could sell the Basilisk for all she had cost him, and then the venture would not have been a bad speculation.

On Saturday morning, he hoisted his mainsail to convey Major Walkinback over to the camp-ground he had chosen, with his tent, provisions, and stores. His passenger soon appeared with his trunk, gun, and fishing-tackle, and Morris conveyed them on board of the Basilisk. A little later came Marshall, with the tent and other articles on a wheelbarrow. Under the canvas was the box which had been sent by mistake to the boarding-house.

"What are you going to do with that?" asked Morris, as Marshall and the major lifted the box to the tender.

"That contains the stone-crackers of which I spoke to you," replied the major.

"But there are no rocks on the island," added the skipper.

"I shall make little excursions in the small boat. There are plenty of rocks near Fort Point."

"There are no specimens there worth gathering."

"I shall go off with you rock-hunting in the Basilisk. I'm a regular rock-hunter, Morris. When I was in Vienna, Baron von Beust, the prime minister, used to go up the Danube with me after rocks. The baron was a good fellow, and nothing relieved him so much from the cares of state as rock-hunting," continued the major, as Morris pulled the tender out to the yacht. "The King of Sweden — he's dead now, poor fellow! — wanted to get me appointed professor of geology and mineralogy in the University of Upsala. I laughed at him, and told him I couldn't afford to be a professor in any one-horse college. When the king made his annual visit to Norway, I went with him, and we cracked rocks together in the Vöring Fos and the Rjukan Fos."

The boat-load of articles was disposed of in the cuddy and standing-room of the Basilisk, and Morris got under way. To his surprise, his cousin

remained on board; and he learned that Marshall was to share the tent with the major.

"Though I like camping out exceedingly, I don't care to be a hermit," laughed the major. "I never spent a season alone."

"I thought you did — the one on Mont Blanc," suggested Morris, who was beginning to have some grave doubts in regard to the veracity of his elegant passenger.

"You are right, Morris. I forgot that season, which, I must confess, was the most miserable one I ever spent," added the major. "It makes me shudder to think of it. But then, you see, the people of the hotel had been laughing at me, and said I shouldn't stay up there more than twenty-four hours, if I got up there at all. I couldn't stand that, and I remained on the very summit thirty days, as I promised I would. I don't like to back out of anything I undertake. I should like to have you stay with us in our tent, Morris. It is about the size of the one which I used when the Archdukes Rudolf and Ludwig camped out with me in the Tyrol. Rudolf, you know, is the heir apparent of the throne of Austria, a very clever fellow, and a dead shot. I

lent him fifty thousand florins one day, when his father, Francis II., was angry with him for making faces at him. How do you like the Basilisk, Morris?" said the major, suddenly changing the topic.

"Tolerably well. She is fast, but far from being able. I had to put three reefs in her in a ten-knot breeze," replied Morris.

"A boat can't be very fast and very stiff at the same time. However, I should be willing to cross the Atlantic in her, so far as safety is concerned."

"Cross the Atlantic!" exclaimed Morris; "Why, she took the water over the washboard the other day in a seven-knot breeze, when the Maud could carry a gaff-topsail."

"I wouldn't agree to carry a whole mainsail all the way. I crossed the Mediterranean Sea, from Naples to Alexandria, in the dead of winter, in a boat just like this one — the Beatrice. I think I mentioned her to you the other day."

"You did; but you had her in the Lake of Como, then," added Morris, who thought he had made a point.

"Precisely so; and I liked her so well that I

had her put on a platform car at Como, and transported to Genoa. I sailed her myself down to Naples; and, after I had sung out my engagement at the San Carlo, I started for Alexandria."

"Were you alone?" asked Morris.

"O, no. Prince Eugenio, an admiral in the Italian navy, an old salt, was with me. But he was terribly frightened, for we had some fearful storms. In one of them, we saw a Russian man-of-war founder and go down, without being able to render her any assistance. The Beatrice went over the seas like a feather in a pint of molasses. I told Prince Eugenio that we were all right; but he made a tremendous fuss over it. When we got to the hotel in Alexandria, he bragged about the trip and his own pluck. He was a good fellow, and I didn't let on. In my opinion, the Basilisk is just as good a boat as the Beatrice ever was."

Morris did not dispute the point, nor suggest that he had any doubts about the existence of the Beatrice. In half an hour, the Basilisk entered the bay below Pinchport, and stood over towards the upper end of the island, where the major intimated that he wished to land.

"That's no place to camp out," said Morris, as the boat approached the shore.

"My camp-ground will be on that knoll," added the passenger, pointing to a little hill a quarter of a mile from the shore.

"It's a queer fancy of yours to locate so far from the water. I can take you to a good place where you can pitch your tent on the very shore of the bay, with plenty of shade, and good, fresh water," added Morris, who proceeded to argue the point to a considerable length.

"I like this place better than any other," persisted the major.

"There is no fresh water on the island that I know of."

"We have a breaker of water, and plenty of whiskey," laughed the passenger. "Marshall likes the place as well as I do."

"I think it is a first-rate place," said Marshall, but with little enthusiasm in his manner.

Morris thought the major would find his cousin a poor substitute for the princes and dukes who had camped out with him in Europe. But Marshall could help him drink his whiskey, and perhaps listen politely to his big stories about the "big

bugs'' of Europe. If the skipper had had any taste at all for camping out, he would not have joined a party which included Marshall, for he avoided him as much as he could.

Morris ran the Basilisk as near to the shore as she would go without grounding, and assisted in transferring the camping-out furniture to the island.

"When you come down again, I will show you the tools in this box," said the major, as the skipper assisted him in lifting it into the boat.

"Very well; I should like to see them."

"I have a fine pinch bar, which was presented to me by Baron von Beust, after one of our rock-hunts down the Danube."

"I thought you went up the Danube."

"Both up and down."

When the articles were all taken out of the Basilisk, Morris got under way again, but not till he had promised to come to the island on Monday afternoon. He sailed up to Pinchport, where he deposited his three hundred dollars in the Savings Bank. When he told who he was, the officers did not ask where he had obtained so much money, for they knew all about his father's reckless hab-

its. Embarking again, he sailed over to Turtle Head, where he was admitted as a member of the Yacht Club, paid his initiation fee, and signed the Constitution. There was a great deal of big boat-talk in the course of the afternoon; but when the fleet sailed for the city, the wind was very light, and Morris sailed the Basilisk quite around the little squadron. Then he pleasantly offered to tow the Maud up to Belfast, where he arrived a full hour before any of the other yachts except the Christabel; but he beat her by over half an hour.

The yachtmen were very much chagrined at this feat of the Basilisk, and hoped more earnestly than ever that on the next Saturday, when the regatta was to take place, the wind would blow a gale.

CHAPTER VI.

MARSHALL HOLLINGHEAD.

AS he had promised, Morris made another trip to the island on Monday afternoon, and alked up to the camp of the major and his cousin. he campists had just come in from a fishing xcursion, in which they had caught nothing but dozen cunners. Marshall was cooking these at e fire, a short distance from the tent. The visi- r looked over the arrangements for eating, eeping, loafing, and other active duties of camp fe; but everything seemed to him even less attrac- ve than usual. Major Walkinback and Marshall peared to have done but little to make their me on the island pleasant and convenient. He ten visited the abodes of those who enjoyed this nd of life, and had always been amused and in- ructed by their makeshifts and substitutes for e comforts and conveniences of civilized life.

The construction of the table and the fire-place, the contrivances in the tent to make the bed dry, to store clothing and other articles, the devices for whiling away the time, had always, in other camps, indicated some ingenuity and study on the part of the campists. But there was nothing of this sort in the major's camp.

In the tent, everything was in disorder. Articles were thrown carelessly about on the ground. No attempt had even been made to raise the beds above the ground, and the first rain would, doubtless, drive them out of their abode. Morris was hardly willing to believe that Major Walkinback was so fond of camping out as he pretended to be, for he had thus far neglected one of the chief sources of amusement, — that of inventing and making the needed substitutes for household furniture.

"Glad to see you, Morris," said the major lightly, as the visitor presented himself at the door of the tent, in which the campist was reclining on his bed of straw.

"How goes it, Major?"

"First-rate; everything lovely, and the goose hangs high. This reminds me of our camp on the

and in Lake Maggiore, where I spent a fort-
ght in the tent with Prince Umberto, the heir-
parent of Italy.''

'I thought you said Prince Amadeus, the fellow
t was elected King of Spain, was with you that
ne,'' added Morris, who had a very distinct rec-
ection of the camp on the island in Lake Mag-
re.

'No; Prince Amadeus was with me another
ne, when I camped out on an island in Lake
gano. I told you about it, I think.''

'You have not mentioned to me that you
mped out on that lake.''

'Well, if I did not, I will mention it now. I
camp with the fellow who is the King of Spain
v, on a little island in Lake Lugano; and I
nt to add that the lake, though small, is the
st beautiful of all the Italian lakes. It is sur-
nded with mountains, which are green to their
y summits. But I was going to say, when you
errupted me, that your coming reminded me of
camp on the island in Lake Maggiore, when
nce Amadeus called upon us one afternoon. It
s just this time of day, and I was lying in the
t just as I am now. Prince Umberto was

cooking a mess of fish we had caught in the lak just as Marshall is doing, at this moment.''

''The prince was cooking a mess of fish! exclaimed Morris.

''Certainly he was. He was a capital cook.

''I should think he would have taken a coo with him.''

''Not a bit of it! The fact of it is, he was fon of cooking. The old man wanted we should tak some servants—''

''Who is the old man?'' interrupted Morri

''The King of Italy, of course—Vittorio Ema uele II.; but I told him and his son that wouldn't go if he took any servants, for the would spoil all the fun of the thing,—take all th romance out of it.''

''Dinner is ready,'' shouted Marshall.

''You will dine with us, Morris?'' added th major.

''Thank you; I dined just before I started fro home,'' replied the visitor, as he followed th campist to the fire.

''Try our fare, at least. These fish were swim ming only an hour ago.''

The major wore a pair of overalls and a shoot

-jacket, so that it did not damage his fine har-
s to seat himself on the grass, which he did,
Morris imitated his example. A dish with
ne irregular "hunks" of bread in it lay on the
und, with a bottle and some tin plates. This
all the table that was set, and the frying-pan
taining the fish was placed before the major.
rshall was evidently a very indifferent cook,
the fish were far from inviting. Morris was
ped to one of them, but it was soaked in fat,
not eatable to one who had been to dinner.

'I think that Prince Umberto was a better
k than our friend Marshall," laughed the
jor.

'I don't pretend to be a cook," pleaded
rshall. "I hate the business, in the first
ce, and I don't know anything about it, in the
nd."

'I should like to cook for you, if I were one of
party, for I think that cooking is one of the
arts," added Morris.

'I should be grateful for your services in that
acity," continued the major, who, evidently,
not relish his dinner.

Not much time was spent at the meal; and when

it was finished, both of the campists embarked in the Basilisk for the city. Major Walkinback did not volunteer to exhibit his mineralogical implements, and the visitor did not even see the box that contained them.

On the arrival of the party at the city, Marshall went to his father's house, the major to the hotel and Morris to his rooms to study his lessons, though he promised to convey the campists back to the island at eight o'clock in the evening.

In the course of the afternoon, Major Walkinback called upon some of the ladies whom he had met at Mrs. De Canter's, and made himself very agreeable.

Marshall found his mother and his sister at home, and his father was at work in the shop. He entered the room where Mattie was seated, and, with an air of desperation, threw himself into a chair. He appeared to be very sad and very much depressed. He sighed, and even groaned audibly. His sister spoke to him several times in sympathetic tones, but he paid no attention to her. His mother was quilting up-stairs, but when she came down for some thread, Marshall changed his manner; though, as soon as she had

ıe, he resumed his nervous movements, his hs and groans, and once he burst into tears.

'Are you sick, Marshall?'' asked poor Mattie, ply moved by his apparent or real distress.

He made no reply, but wiped the tears from his e with a dirty handkerchief.

'Do tell me if you are sick, Marshall," added invalid girl. "Let me call mother."

'No; don't say a word to her or to father," uffled Marshall. "If you do, you will never see again."

"What ails you?" asked she, again, terrified his words as well as his manner. "Are you k?"

"No, not sick."

"Why do you act so, then? Why do you cry, arshall?"

"I can't tell you, Mattie. I feel very bad."

"Won't you tell me what the matter is?"

"I wish I was dead!" exclaimed Marshall, rying his face in his dirty handkerchief.

"Don't talk so, brother. You are in pain. ou must have something done for you;" and she cked up her crutches as though she intended to se.

"Nothing can be done for me. Don't get up. If you say a word to father or mother, I shall leave the house, and never come back again."

"Don't cry, Marshall."

"I can't help it," groaned he.

"Won't you tell me what ails you, and let me do something for you?" pleaded the gentle sister.

"I have done something wrong, and I must suffer for it," gasped the young man.

"O, Marshall! what have you done?"

"I can't tell you. It would ruin me if I told anybody. I wish I could live over the last year of my life again."

"What have you been doing?"

"I can't tell, Mattie; if I did, you might be called as a witness against me. Don't ask me, Mattie. I must go away from home, and never come back again. I am utterly ruined," moaned Marshall.

"Why, Marshall!" exclaimed Mattie, wiping a tear from her pale face.

"I must go to some place and ship as a sailor. It will not do for me ever to come back to Belfast again."

"O, my brother!" sighed poor Mattie.

"I'm sorry I told you anything about it now; it I didn't want to go off without seeing you, r I knew you would worry day and night about e."

"I should, indeed, Marshall."

"You must not say a word to father till I have en gone a week. Then you may speak to him. omise me, Mattie, that you will not mention hat I have said to you till I have been gone a ek."

"But poor father and mother will worry about u, too."

"You can quiet them in some way. You must omise me, Mattie, or it will be all the worse me, for I never will—"

He checked himself, and groaned and wept ain. The poor girl was terribly disturbed, ite as much as her brother appeared to be.

"You never will—what, Marshall?" asked she.

"I didn't mean to say that; but I may as well ish it. I never will be sent to prison! No, ver! I will die first. I will tie a rock to my t, and jump overboard first."

"To prison? O, Marshall!" sobbed Mattie.

"But I am not to blame, though it will go hard

with me. I will never taste another drop of liquor as long as I live.''

''What have you done, Marshall?'

''Will you promise not to tell a living soul?''

''I will promise, if I must.''

''I had a quarrel with a fellow over at Pinchport. We had both drank a glass or two of whiskey; and were shaking props for money. I was lucky, and won all he had. Then he accused me of cheating, and struck me. I had my gun with me, for I had been shooting that afternoon; and when he came at me a second time with a club, I fired at him to save myself.''

''O, Marshall!'' groaned Mattie, with a shudder.

''Hush! Don't make a noise, or say anything. He would have killed me, if I hadn't fired.''

''And you killed him?'' gasped the poor girl.

''No, no, nothing of the kind. I didn't mean to kill him, and I did not. The bullet passed through the fleshy part of his arm, near the shoulder. It disabled him. He dropped his club, and another man who was present, took my gun away from me.''

''Who was the man you hit?'' asked Mattie

"His name is Rogers. The other man was om Martin."

"Who else was present?"

"No one. We helped Rogers home, and I ent for a doctor. Tom told him that the gun nt off by accident, and Rogers didn't deny it en; and I thought I had got out of the scrape cely. I resolved then that I would never drink other drop of liquor, or gamble, or do anything ong; but it was too late."

"When was this?"

"Saturday night. I went up to Pinchport er Major Walkinback had gone to bed. This orning I called to see how Rogers was. He as in great pain, and was very angry with me r what I had done. He said he couldn't do y work for six months. He was terribly savage, d said he would tell the whole truth about the air. While I was in his room Tom Martin ne in. He tried to quiet him; but the more m said the madder Rogers became. He said I ant to kill him, and denied that he struck me, that he intended to strike me. He declared t he would have me sent to state prison for ten ars at least. At last, he said that if I would

pay him five hundred dollars for the time he should be kept away from his work, he would let me off. Tom Martin said that this was no more than fair, as I had disabled Rogers. When I pleaded that what I had done had been in self-defence, Tom replied that I had no right to fire my gun, for Rogers had nothing but a little stick in his hand. I saw that both of them were agreed, and that Tom's evidence against me would be even more than the truth would warrant. Tom said I had the choice between paying the five hundred dollars and going to the state prison for ten or fifteen years."

"O, Marshall! this is terrible!" exclaimed Mattie.

"I know it is; but I can't help it now. I told Rogers and Tom that I couldn't pay five hundred dollars any more than I could a million. They said my father could mortgage his house, or I could get my rich uncle to advance the money. I told them that I would see what I could do, and they gave me a week to raise the money."

"Five hundred dollars!" ejaculated Mattie, to whom this sum seemed to be a large fortune.

"Five hundred. Of course I can't get any such

m. I knew I couldn't in the time of it; but
m not going to the state prison. I fired to
ve my own life, and I am not to blame. When
have been gone a week, you may tell father and
other all about it."

"But shall you never come back?"

"I can never come back till I am able to pay
this money. I mean to be good, work, and
ve all I can. I may be able to raise it in four
five years. If I could borrow it, I would never
end a cent till I had paid it. But I must be off
next Monday, or it will be too late."

"Can't something be done?" asked Mattie,
lly.

"Nothing at all. I may as well make up my
nd to the worst at the beginning," replied Mar-
all, desperately.

"Perhaps uncle Richard would lend you the
ney," suggested Mattie.

"No, he wouldn't. He hates the whole kit of
."

"Morris don't hate us; and perhaps he could
rsuade his father to help you."

"But I can't tell this story to any living soul.
I do, I shall be arrested at once. Morris has

plenty of money himself. People say he has over a thousand dollars lent out and in the savings bank. He could lend it to me himself, if he would; but I shouldn't dare to ask him for it. He thinks so much of you, that he would give you the money without asking any questions."

"Father said I must not take any money or anything else from him, unless it was something very small," replied Mattie.

"Very well; then I must go away. If I am caught, or likely to be caught, I will jump overboard rather than be sent to the state prison for a deed I'm not to blame for," added Marshall, with an energy which startled his weak sister.

"Don't go away, Marshall," she pleaded, with the tears in her eyes.

"I don't want to go away if I can help it; but if I can't get the money by next Monday noon, I must go. Rogers is a hard fellow, and he stuck to it, the last time I saw him, that I cheated him."

If he did, it was not inconsistent with the speaker's reputation.

"Perhaps I can do something for you, Marshall; but five hundred dollars is an awful sum," mused Mattie.

"Of course you can. Morris will get the money
r you; but you must not tell him what it is for.
you do, he won't give you a cent. He don't
elieve in me. I must go now."

"Stop a moment, Marshall. Who is the man
ou are camping out with?"

"Major Walkinback."

"Won't he help you? You said he was the
n of a very rich man."

"I am afraid to ask him, or to tell him that I
ft the camp to go up to Pinchport. It is of no
e to think of doing anything with him. Besides,
wouldn't trust him with my secret."

"I cannot disobey father," pleaded Mattie.

"Not to save me from the state prison? I am
re he would thank you for doing so. Besides,
is only his pride that makes him so particular
out taking anything from Morris. I will work
y hands off to pay the debt, if I can only get
t of the scrape."

Marshall left the house, and went off without
tering the shop where his father was at work.
he had done so, he would have found Morris
ere, for he had dropped in, as he often did, after
had learned his lessons.

Deacon Hollinghead was busy, pegging away at an old boot he was half-soling. Though he was only fifty-three, his hair was gray, and he looked like a man of sixty or more. He wore no beard, and, as this was Monday, his face was tolerably smooth. He looked like the simple-minded man he was. He was very pious, and everybody who knew him believed in his goodness; and yet no one would trust him to any considerable extent, for no one had any confidence in his business ability. A merchant who attended the church of which the deacon was an officer, declared that he would rather give him five dollars than lend him ten.

Morris sat on a shoemaker's bench opposite the one occupied by his uncle. The deacon looked very sad and troubled, and, as he talked with the money-maker, he seldom raised his eyes and hardly for an instant intermitted his labors. He struck the awl with his hammer, and drove in the pegs in measured time, as a machine would have done the work. He was struggling to be cheerful under the burden of poverty which rested heavily upon him. He was willing to bear all that the Lord laid upon him, and he struggled to rise above his human doubts and fears. What he uttered in the

nference meetings, he tried to carry into his ily life. He did not believe that "whom the ord loveth, he chasteneth," and then in his shop, pine at his chastisements. A new load of ouble had just been laid on the overburdened eacon. The people of his parish had raised a m of money to enable him to purchase the house d shop he occupied; but he had paid only one lf of the price, and the note for the other half, cured by mortgage, was in the hands of one ho did not belong to the deacon's parish, and ho had no respect or sympathy for him. On at last Monday, the term of the mortgage hav- g expired, the creditor had demanded the prin- pal of the note. The deacon had no idea where e could get the money to pay it. Even the embers of his own church were short and curt hen he spoke of money matters, and his pride ould hardly permit him to apply to them in his resent need. He had just told Morris of his ouble.

"I can help you out of your difficulty, Uncle muel," said the money-maker, promptly.

"You!" exclaimed the deacon, bestowing a fur- ve glance upon the young man. "The note is r five hundred dollars."

"I don't care if it is," replied Morris. "I can let you have the money, and I shall be very glad indeed to do so."

"Five hundred dollars."

"Yes, or even more than that."

"Money is plenty with you."

"Not very plenty," added Morris, to whom the sum named seemed vastly less than to the deacon.

"Where do you get it?"

"From my father, of course, most of it. He gives me an allowance of so much a year, and I don't spend it all, but save some of it. Now, Uncle Samuel, I can lend you five hundred dollars just as well as not; better than not, for I have some trouble in investing what I have."

"No, Morris; you are very kind, but I can't take any of your money," said the deacon, shaking his head.

"But I will take your note, and you shall pay the interest just the same as you do to the man who has the mortgage."

"No, Morris, not a dollar from you on any account. Your father would blame me, if I permitted you to lend me money," added the deacon, with the same firmness he would say, "Get thee behind me, Satan."

Morris reasoned, and even pleaded to be allowed assist his uncle; but the deacon gently and mly declined to the end.

"I told your aunt and Mattie that I didn't know t we should have to go to the poor-house," ded the shoemaker; "but I would rather go ere than have you disobey your father, even in irit, Morris."

The money-maker hoped he would change his nd, and he left him only after he had exhausted present stock of arguments. He went into the use and found Mattie just where Marshall had ft her. He saw that she was paler than usual, d that she had been weeping, though she greeted m with her usual placid smile.

CHAPTER VII.

THE DEACON'S DAUGHTER.

MORRIS, as soon as he entered the room, saw that his invalid cousin had been crying, in spite of the smile with which she greeted him, and which she seemed to have conjured up for the occasion. She always greeted him with a smile, however ill or however troubled she was, for she believed that he was a fountain of goodness and truth. No doubt, she considered him a great deal better than he really was. He was always bringing her little presents; and he would have brought big ones if he had not been prohibited from doing so. He often worked for her with his own hands, and had already planted her little flower-garden. He was as devoted as a lover, though there was no sentiment whatever in his mind in regard to her, except admiration of her character, and pity for her condition. He

as seventeen, and as fond of the society of young dies as young men begin to be at this age.

Morris "played the agreeable" to Nellie Patrdale, Maud Rodman, and Grace Montague; and ere was another young lady in the city for nom he had an especial admiration. But all ese he regarded in a very different sense from at in which he viewed his invalid cousin. He s in no danger of "falling in love" with her, the ordinary acceptation of the term. He ought she was an angel, but a very unfortunate e, and that her lot was cast in poverty, with thing bright in the future; though he was very ich mistaken, for he had not yet learned, except the very general way in which the doctrine is ght in the pulpit and the Sunday School, that odness is its own all-sufficient reward. He did t understand how any one could be happy, and t be pinched by poverty; or how one could k cheerfully upon the future which had no hes in store for the evil day when the body uld be feeble, and the hands should fail to n the bread which all must eat.

Mattie smiled, when Morris entered the room ere she sat in her low rocking-chair. She

smiled, though her heart was in a tumult of emotion. Under ordinary circumstances, she would rather have died than do anything in opposition to the will of her father. But she had already reasoned herself into the belief that the prohibition in relation to receiving gifts from her cousin did not apply to the present circumstances. Her brother was in awful peril. None knew better than she that Marshall was a bad boy; but he was her brother, and it was human to love him. Perhaps she loved him all the more because others cast him out; because his father was very stern with him, and very intolerant of his vices. Surely her father would not permit him to be sent to the state prison if he could prevent it; and in such a terrible emergency he would not forbid her to receive aid from Morris. She would have told her father all about the case, if Marshall had not extorted from her the promise not to do so. She dared not speak to him, for she feared that something awful would happen if she did; even that her brother would run away, or jump overboard, for he was a reckless young man. She had made up her mind, under the pressure of the emergency, that it would not be wrong for her

seek the assistance of Morris; that her father, he understood the case, would do the same; d that he might reasonably blame her if she led to improve the opportunity which was own in her way.

If she had believed that Marshall was really ilty of the crime with which he was in danger being charged, according to his own story, her nclusion would have been different. He had d his gun after he had been struck, and when was in danger of being killed himself. She tled with her own reason a question which a lge and jury might have been troubled to de- le. She meant right; but if she had had more perience of life and the way of the world, she uld have known that it was better to trust her rents, and to keep no secrets from them.

"How do you do this afternoon, Mattie?" ked Morris, in a tender and sympathetic tone, he came into her presence.

"I am as well as usual," she answered. "Have u seen Marshall to-day?"

"Yes. I brought him over from the island this ernoon. He is camping out there with Major alkinback."

"Who is Major Walkinback?"

"I know but little about him; but he can tell more lies in a given time than any other man I ever heard speak."

"Do you think he is a bad man?"

"I don't know. He drinks whiskey, and is rather fast in his manner. He is a great singer, and plays upon the piano like a professor."

"I hope he won't lead Marshall into any wickedness."

Morris thought that Marshall was quite as likely to lead the major into wickedness; but he did not say anything to hurt the feelings of his cousin.

"The major seems to have been on intimate terms with all the crowned heads of Europe, and the heirs-apparent of all the thrones. He has camped out with the King of Spain, Prince Umberto of Italy, and the prime minister of Austria. I looked in the books, and I find he has the name right; but I don't believe he ever saw half the great people he pretends to know. I don't think there is any particular harm in the fellow, for he only makes himself ridiculous with his big talk."

"How does Marshall appear to-day?" asked

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lattie, wishing to know whether her cousin had oticed the distress of her brother.

"How does he appear?" repeated Morris, who ought the question was a very strange one.

"Yes. Does he seem to be contented on the land?"

"O, yes, he pretends to enjoy it, and I don't ow but he does. I don't believe in camping t; and perhaps I'm not a competent witness."

"Then Marshall appears about as usual?"

"Of course he does. I didn't take particular tice of him."

Mattie concluded that her brother had carefully ncealed his mental distress from Morris, as, leed, he would be very likely to do. She sed in silence for a few moments, thinking w she should make her application for the im- nse sum of money that was needed to save her other from the state prison, from exile, or even m death. Her heart beat violently, and she s afraid that not even Morris could help her to h a vast sum of money.

"What are you thinking about, Mattie?" asked rris, who could not help seeing that his cousin s very much troubled about something, and it

did not require much thought to convince him that she was making her father's trouble her own.

"I was thinking how terrible it is to keep anything from father and mother," she replied, bestowing a very anxious look upon him.

"Keep anything from them?" added Morris. "What do you mean, Mattie?"

"Is it wicked to do so?"

"I don't know. That depends upon circumstances. But you can't do anything wicked if you try, Mattie," laughed Morris.

"I think I could. Morris, I'm going to disobey father," said she, solemnly.

"You!"

"Yes, Morris. I don't want you to ask me any questions, for I can't answer them if you do. Promise me that you will not tell father or mother, or anybody else, what passes between us."

"I promise," answered Morris, promptly. "But what do you mean by disobeying your father?"

"I am going to disobey him in name, but I don't think I shall disobey him in fact."

"I really don't understand you, Mattie," added Morris, perplexed by her singular manner, by th

of mystery she assumed, and by her proposition
lisobey her father.

'I don't want you to understand me any fur-
, Morris. Father told me never to take any
ney or valuable gift from you; but I am going
sk you for a vast sum of money, and I can't
n tell you what it is for.''

All right,'' laughed Morris.

Will you promise, now you know what I
t, not to say a word to father or mother?''
inued Mattie, trembling with emotion.

With all my heart. I won't say a word, nor
n hint at anything,'' protested he.

It is really awful for me to do this; but I
e it isn't wicked.''

Of course it isn't wicked — nothing of the sort.
can't be wicked, Mattie.''

orris was confident that he comprehended the
tion. Mattie had some plan by which she
to help her father to the money to pay off the
gage, and thus prevent the family from being
en away from their home. The money-maker
entirely satisfied on this point, and he con-
lated himself upon the fact that he had the
s to render the aid which he was sure she

was about to ask of him. Certainly it was n wicked for her to help her father, even in spi of himself. He could not imagine how Matt intended to manage the business, though it h already occurred to him that he might go to t deacon's creditor, pay off the mortgage, and ceive the release, without the knowledge or c sent of the debtor. Perhaps Mattie was goi to have this done by some relative of her moth and Morris was entirely willing that she sho do the business in her own way.

"I don't know that you will be willing to h me, Morris," continued Mattie, with a v troubled expression on her face.

"You ought to know that I am willing to all you and your father will permit me to do.

"My father would not permit you to do th he knew it; at least, he might not."

"I understand, Mattie. I am perfectly will whether your father knows it or not, and wh he is willing or not. Of course you don't to harm him or injure him."

"O, no! certainly not. I wouldn't injure father for all the world, or let any one else if I could prevent it. I know you are willi

elp me, Morris; but I am afraid you are not ble."

"O, come, Mattie, don't look so solemn, and ad, and troubled. You make me feel bad to see ou, for you are really worrying yourself about othing."

She smiled, but it was a very sad smile.

"I don't think I ought to expect you to help ne, Morris. It is asking too much of you."

"Not a bit of it, Mattie. Don't you fret at all bout me."

"It is really wrong for me to ask this of you."

"Nonsense! It is just right for you to do so," rotested Morris, who only feared that she would bandon her purpose; and he wished to encourage er all he could.

"But you have no idea what I am going to ask f you."

"Then give me an idea."

"I am afraid you can't do anything for me."

"Why not, Mattie?"

"Because I want such an immense sum of noney; you can't think how much."

"If I can't, you can tell me," laughed Morris.

"I dare not. You will think me monstrously

ungrateful for all your kindness to me if I shoul
ask you for such a sum.''

''Not at all, Mattie. I shall feel bad if yo
don't do it. I shall think it is very unkind
you not to let me do this little thing for yo
when I wish so much to do it.''

''It isn't a little thing,'' said she, shaking h
head ominously. ''It is a very big thing. I don
think you will be able to help me, though y
are ever so willing to do so. Of course not.
is absurd for me to think of such a thing.''

''Perhaps not. If you will just tell me h
much you want, I can tell you in half a seco
whether or not I am able. I have a little mon
saved up.''

''A little won't do me a bit of good. I mu
have the whole sum, for a part would not h
me.''

''How much is the whole sum?''

''I think it is real mean of me to ask it.''

''Mean not to ask it, Mattie. Name the f
ures.''

''I am ashamed to do so.''

''Is it twenty thousand dollars?'' asked Mor
who, satisfied that he knew the exact sum

equired, was probably conscious of his ability
meet the emergency.

"Twenty thousand dollars!" exclaimed Mattie,
ho could not realize that there was so much
oney in the whole city, if there was in the whole
ate. "O, no; not near so much as that."

"Ten thousand?" suggested the money-maker.

"O, no; not near so much as that, either."

"One thousand?"

"No, not so much as that. If it were, I should
e down and die rather than ask you for it.
ou are making fun of me, Morris. I see it in
ur eye. A thousand dollars! Yet the sum I
ant isn't so very far from that."

"O, well, Mattie, if you don't want over a
ousand dollars, you needn't worry one single
stant about it."

"I don't want a thousand dollars. I shouldn't
re to live in the house with so much money in
," added the poor girl.

"You want eight or nine hundred, I suppose."

"Not so much."

"Seven?"

"Not so much."

"Six?"

"Not so much."

"Five?"

Mattie bowed her answer in solemn awe, for she dared not speak. She was full of doubt, in spite of all the encouragement Morris had given her. She still trembled, for she saw her brother in prison; she thought of him wandering in a foreign land, or as taken lifeless from the cold waters of the bay.

"Five hundred dollars!" exclaimed Morris, laughing, "is that all?"

"Don't speak so loud, Morris. I'm afraid mother will hear. Is that all? I should think that was enough."

"That's nothing at all, Mattie—a mere bagatelle."

"Do you think your father will let you have so much money?" she asked, anxiously.

"I shall not ask him."

"Why not?"

"Because I have no need to do so. I have five hundred dollars myself."

"You, Morris?"

"Yes, and more too. But you need not mention it, for I like to keep my own business

yself," replied Morris, proudly; and he felt at he was now having his reward for his prunce and economy.

"I will not say a word about it, not even to ther and mother, and certainly not to any one se. Where did you get so much money?" asked e, perhaps fearing, because he told her this in nfidence, that he had not always been strictly nest; though, if this suspicion occurred to her, e banished it in an instant.

"My father has always been very liberal with e, and given me four times as much money as want. When I was only fourteen, he allowed e three hundred dollars for spending-money; but aved most of it. Then he has added a hundred ery year since. He gave me six hundred dolrs to buy a boat when he was here the other y; but I paid only half of it for the Basilisk, d saved the other half. I have earned some ney besides by cooking for boat parties, and other ways. My father scolded me the other , when he was here, because I don't spend any re money. He even said I was a regular miser. t he is reckless and extravagant."

"Mother says you are more like your mother an your father," said Mattie.

"I suppose I am; but I spend all I wish to. I take more pleasure in saving it than in spending it; that is, to a certain extent."

He did not say why he was saving his money; but he felt that taking the five hundred dollars, which Mattie required, from his investments, was placing the money just where he intended to put it when the deacon had gone hence and left his decrepit daughter at the mercy of the cold world. If the mortgage was paid off, the home would be secured to his uncle's heirs.

"Can you really help me to the sum I want Morris?" asked Mattie, returning to the matter nearest to her heart.

"Certainly I can, and as certainly I will," replied he.

"But you may never get your money back again," she added, fearing that this contingency might change his mind.

"No matter. I never expect to get it back again," protested Morris.

"Yet I hope, and I expect, it will be paid back to you. If I did not, I should not dare to ask you for it."

"I don't want it back. I saved it on purpose — "

He paused, for he did not intend to tell her the reason why he had saved his money for three or four years.

"On purpose for what?" asked Mattie.

"On purpose to enjoy it. And five hundred dollars won't buy anything that I should enjoy half so much as securing — so much as getting you out of trouble."

"What a dear, good, noble, generous fellow you are, Morris!" she exclaimed.

That was reward enough to pay for the difference in the pleasure of owning such a boat as the Basilisk, and that of owning such an one as the Maud or the Sea Foam.

"I'm satisfied," said Morris; and he meant it.

"But I intend that this money shall be paid back to you. You don't ask me what it is for."

"You told me not to ask you. I don't care what it is for."

He did care. He supposed he knew what it was for. Certainly he would have hesitated, if he did not decline to furnish the money, had he been informed that it was to keep Marshall out of the state prison. Morris was sure the money

was to be used in lifting the mortgage; and beyond this, he did not care.

"You have a great deal of confidence in me, Morris; more than I deserve, I am afraid."

"Not a bit. You can't do wrong, if you try."

So far as her disposition to do right was concerned, his confidence was not misplaced; so far as her judgment was concerned, she was not always so reliable.

"You mustn't think so well of me, Morris."

"I can't think too well of you. But when do you want this money, Mattie?"

"As soon as you can conveniently give it to me."

"To-night?"

"O, no! In a few days."

"The money is in the Belfast Savings Bank and I believe I have to give some notice when I draw out my deposit. I will see."

"I am in no hurry. Next Monday will do very well," replied Mattie, remembering that this was the time fixed by Marshall for satisfying the wounded man.

"That will just suit me; and I can give a week's notice," added he.

"I am so grateful to you, Morris!" exclaimed Mattie, wiping the tears from her eyes.

"Don't cry any more, then. I shall think I have not done you a bit of good if you keep weeping and looking so fearfully sad. I hope I have got you out of your trouble, and that you will never have any more as long as you live."

The poor girl smiled again, but it was only with a struggle that she did so; and when Morris departed, she was as sad and tremulous as before he came. If her brother had been wounded himself, she wouldn't have felt so bad about it. It was more terrible to think that he had fired his gun at a fellow-being. Her trouble was increased a hundred fold by being compelled to keep the terrible secret from her parents. She feared, too, that Marshall had not told her the whole truth, and that he was more guilty than he pretended to be. It was not the fear of the loss of the home which troubled her, for she knew nothing about it. Her father did not care to worry her, and he had not told her of the visit of his hard creditor.

Morris left the house with a light heart and a

light step. As he passed the shop, he saw the deacon through the window, pegging away sadly and patiently at the sole of a boot. He looked at him, and he could not help indulging in a laugh, all to himself.

"I have got round you for once, Uncle Sam. I have the weather-gauge of you this time. Pride and poverty don't go well together; but I shall dodge your pride and soften your poverty."

Morris went home to tea, entirely satisfied with himself, with Mattie, and with the deacon. Major Walkinback was spending the evening at the residence of one of the nabobs of the city, and the owner of the Basilisk called for him just before eight o'clock. The major was singing, to the great delight of the ladies; and it was nine o'clock before the boatman could secure his passenger. In the boat they found Marshall, who, in spite of the promise given his sister never to drink another drop of liquor, was so tipsy that he could hardly stand up.

The wind was fresh, too fresh for the Basilisk, Morris thought; but in half an hour he landed the campists, and sailed for the city, though not till he had put a reef in the main-sail. On the way, he

as knocked over by a heavy flaw, and the boat
lf-filled with water; but he bailed her out, and
efed again, and reached the city in safety, though
was disgusted with the Basilisk.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE NIGHT BEFORE THE REGATTA.

MORRIS was badly "out" with the Basili for, when the flaw knocked her down, felt, for the moment, that she was utterly wreck and that his chances of saving his own life w rather small. It was very dark, and he was least a mile from the shore. The boat was v light, and carried but little ballast. She wo not have sunk, if she had filled full of water. hauled down his sail when the flaw had sp itself, and worked for half an hour bailing pumping her out.

We don't like to find fault with our hero; we are compelled to say that the accident was result of his own carelessness, for he not neglected to let off his sheet when he kept boat away so that she had the wind on the qua but he had made the sheet fast on the cleat.

as busy thinking of the affairs of the deacon's mily, and was not paying much attention to the oat. He was certainly making for her a worse putation than she deserved.

He was disgusted with the Basilisk, and he had ncluded to sell her to any one who would give hat she cost him. On Wednesday, after school, went over to the camp again, as he had agreed do, to convey the major upon a mineralogical xpedition. The scientist was at the shore, with e tools in his hand, when Morris arrived. The ssenger leaped into the boat, followed by arshall.

"Are those all the tools you carry?" asked orris, who was rather surprised to find that, of l the box must have contained, the major had ought only the short steel bar, a hammer, and a ld-chisel.

"I have brought enough for this trip. The her tools I use for preparing specimens after I ve gathered them."

Morris shoved off, and headed the Basilisk wards the Northport shore. Major Walkinback ated himself opposite him, with the tools in his nd.

"Each of these articles has a history," said the major, complacently, as he held up the implements, and laid the hammer and the chisel on the seat by his side. "There isn't money enough in the State of Maine to buy them."

"I didn't think they were so valuable as that," added the boatman.

"This bar I would not exchange for an equal weight of pure gold," continued the major, holding up the implement. "I don't mean to say it is worth that; but I prize it for the associations connected with it, and as the gift of one whose friendship I value very highly. It was presented to me by Prince Bismarck, and I used it for the first time in a rock-hunting expedition with him up the Danube."

"I thought you said that Baron von Beust was with you that time," interposed Morris.

"Not at all; that was another time. This chisel was presented to me by Von Beust, after another excursion I made with him up the Danube."

"O!" added Morris, using that expressive interjection which implied that he was quite satisfied with his companion's explanation.

He was satisfied — that the major was making stories out of whole cloth.

"This hammer was given to me by the Emperor Russia, who took me in the imperial steam cht to several ports in Finland, where we gath- ed specimens. The emperor is a particular end of mine."

"Just so," responded the skipper. "I suppose was very sorry to have you leave Russia."

"He was, indeed; and I was quite as sorry as was. He is a capital fellow. He isn't a bit y, though he is the emperor of the biggest na- n in Europe."

"Did you see Alexis, the grand duke, who ited this country?"

"Did I see him? Of course I did. He was as od a friend of mine as his father was. I thought exis was the best fellow in the crowd of Russian nces. He took a fancy to me, and we were like thers. He called to see me when he was in io, and we had a jolly time together. He had eave while I was in St. Petersburg, to go off a cruise, and felt bad about parting with me. wept bitterly at the idea of a separation; and I ught the poor fellow's heart would break."

"Pity about him," added Morris, soberly.

"It was a hard case for him; but he hadn't seen

so much of the world as I had. I bore it better than he did."

"Of course you did. You had parted with all the kings, princes, and statesmen of Europe, and you had got used to that sort of thing."

"Not with all of them; but with many of them."

"Did you spend much time in England?" asked Morris.

"Not a great while. I think I told you I spent a week or two with the royal family. At Queen Victoria's invitation I went hunting with the Prince of Wales. But I don't think much of him."

"Did you get acquainted with the statesmen of England?"

"With most of them. I was quite intimate with Billy Gladstone, Ben Disraeli, and Bob Lowe, who were in the cabinet. I knew John Bright like a book, and Dick Cobden was like my own uncle to me."

"Dick Cobden!" exclaimed Morris.

"Just so," replied Major Walkinback, as he took a cigar from his case, and lighted it. "Dick and I were the best of friends. I went down to his country place, in Devonshire, and spent a week

ith him. I had a first-rate time, too. Dick and used to shoot about every day.''

''When did you say this was?''

''I didn't say. But it was about a year ago. I t home in September, after I had helped the ermans out of their affair with France.''

''Last year — the year 1871?''

''Exactly so.''

''And you went a-shooting with Richard Cobden st year?''

''Well, don't I say so? Do you doubt my ord? It isn't exactly polite to insinuate a doubt regard to the veracity of your friend.''

''I beg your pardon, Major; but your statement emed just a little odd to me, probably because I dn't fully understand you. I think you said u went shooting with Richard Cobden last ar.''

''That's what I said.''

''May I ask what Cobden you mean?''

''Why, Dick Cobden, of course, the political ell, the corn-law chap. He used to talk with e about the corn-law bosh; but I didn't care a for it, though I beat him in an argument on his n hobby one day.''

"Are you a spiritualist, Major?" inquired Morris, gravely.

"I take a little whiskey when I want it," replied the passenger, unruffled by the question.

"I didn't know but you might be a believer in that doctrine."

"I am a believer in the doctrine that a little whiskey for mechanical purposes tastes good. What has that to do with my friend Dick Cobden?"

"I referred to departed spirits."

"So did I — spirits that are departed, after you have drank them up."

"Do you believe that the spirit of Richard Cobden, the anti-corn-law agitator, walked the earth last year, and went shooting with you?"

"I do not believe any such thing. Why do you ask such a question?"

"Only because your story seemed a little odd, from the fact that Richard Cobden died six years before you went shooting with him down in Devonshire. I dare say it is all right, but a little bit strange to me. But I haven't been over the world much, and perhaps I don't understand these things."

"Dick Cobden dead! Not much," laughed the ajor.

"He died in 1865. I learned that in school, ly yesterday."

"You are mistaken," added the passenger, ith easy assurance.

"The book says so."

"The book! You might as well have said the wspaper."

"Our teacher said so."

"Did he, indeed? Do you mean to tell me at my friend Dick Cobden died six or seven ars ago?"

"Certainly; I believe he did."

"But I know he did not."

"Died in 1865."

"How could he have died in 1865, when I nt shooting with him inside of one year ago?" manded the major, with a bland smile.

"That's what bothers me," added Morris.

"Of course it is quite impossible. If I saw m last year in the flesh, it follows that he did t die in 1865."

"Or, conversely, if he died in 1865, it follows at you did not see him last year."

"But, Morris, we reason from what we do know up to what we don't know. If you saw my living head, but did not see my body, you would conclude, very justly, that there was a body, though you could not see it. In the same manner, I reason that I saw my friend Dick Cobden last year; I grasped his warm hand; I smoked with him; I drank Irish whiskey with him; and it is certain to me that he did not die in 1865. It was not his ghost with which I spent so many pleasant hours down in Devonshire, for ghosts do not drink Irish whiskey, do not smoke, do not have warm hands. Do you believe that Dick Cobden died in 1865?" the major inquired, seriously.

"I do, for I find the fact stated in several books of standard authority."

"Never mind the books. Did you see him die?"

"Of course not; but the books — "

"I can bring you a standard English book in which Manassas, where the battle was, is located in Tennessee, and New York city on Hudson's Bay. Is Manassas in Tennessee because the book says so?"

"Certainly not."

"Neither is Dick Cobden dead because the ook says so."

"But in regard to the death of a prominent ublic man like Cobden — "

"See here, Morris; when I tell you that I ate d drank, walked and talked, hunted and fished, ith my friend Dick Cobden last year, it strikes e that this is enough to settle the question."

"Suppose I should tell you that Julius Cæsar as not dead; would you believe me?" asked orris.

"That would depend upon circumstances. I d not the pleasure of Mr. Julius Cæsar's ac- aintance."

"I thought likely you might know him."

"I never knew him. If you should inform me at Julius Cæsar was dead, I should be slow to pute your statement. If you told me you had aken the warm hand of that gentleman within a ar, that you had smoked with him, that you had ank Irish whiskey with him, I should say that was not dead."

"I haven't said so."

"I think we will consider this question settled.

Perhaps you do not intend it, but the line o argument you use involves an impeachment of m veracity. You cannot believe that Dick Cobde died in 1865, if you believe that I drank Iris whiskey with him a year ago. On the other han if you believe Dick was dead, you cannot belie that I drank Irish whiskey with him at the ti I state. If you persist in saying that the corn-l swell is dead, you practically charge me wi falsehood. When a man tells me I am a li there is only one alternative for me. On such issue as this I met the Duke of Bednego — na revolvers at eight paces; and to-day, with t side of his face caved in by a ball which carri away his cheek-bone, he mourns his own folly bitterness of spirit; for he was a handsome m engaged to be married to the Countess of Pul volo, who jilted him after he lost his cheek."

"I see that you were not hit in the chee added Morris, looking into the face of his pass ger.

"No; I was not."

"It is all there, I perceive. But that was ro on the duke."

"I had another affair of the same kind w

dmiral Riccomino. We fired six shots apiece. hit him three times in the mouth, and knocked vay every tooth he had in his head, including a t of false ones.''

''That was of no consequence, if you did not oot away his cheek, for that's what makes the rtune of a great many men.''

''It taught him to use his organs of speech operly. Do we land here?'' asked Major alkinback, as Morris threw the Basilisk up into e wind.

''Yes. Over with the anchor, Marshall.''

The boat was anchored, and the major prepared go on shore.

''I don't think you will find anything new here the way of specimens,'' said Morris. ''I should e to take you out with the principal of the High hool some day. He is a mineralogist himself, d a first-rate one, too. He understands all out the subject, and knows just where to go for ecimens. I told him yesterday that the King of veden wanted to appoint you a professor in the iversity. He said he should like to see you.''

''I don't reciprocate the compliment,'' added e major, with a curling lip. ''Probably he is

some tyro in the science, who wants to pump ou of me what I know about minerals."

"But he has been offered a professorship i Colby University, and writes articles in the mag azines on geology and mineralogy."

"So much the worse. He is, doubtless, pedant. If you love me, Morris, don't bring hi near me, for I have no idea of posting him u with the knowledge it has cost me so much tim and travel to obtain."

Certainly the major was not much like oth scientists, who are generally desirous of discussi their favorite topics with all who know anythi about them. Morris began to have some doub in regard to the attainment of his passenger, wh he landed on the rocks. He conducted him some ledges near the bay, and the major chipp off some bits of rock in various places.

"As you said, Morris, there is nothing here th I want," said the mineralogist, after they h spent less than half an hour on shore. "I thi we had better run up to the city."

The boatman concluded that his passenger w not a very enthusiastic mineralogist, especia after he had asked some questions which he kn

ere incorrectly answered. They returned to the oat, and went up to the city. In the evening, Morris conveyed the campists to the island again.

"Come over on Friday afternoon, Morris," said e major. "I want to go to the race on Saturday. hat time does it come off?"

"Nine in the forenoon."

"That's early."

"The boats start at that time on account of the le."

"But I must go. I want to see the Basilisk an out all the other boats."

"If she does clean them out," suggested Morris.

"She will do it if she is well handled; and I end to sail with you, Morris, for I know just w to handle her."

"All right; I shall be glad to have you with . But the result will depend upon the weather. it blows fresh, the Basilisk can do nothing with se heavy-weather boats," replied Morris.

"She will stand considerable of a blow."

"Not much; for a flaw knocked her down the er night, and I thought for a moment, that it s all up with me. I don't like her, and I shall l her if I can."

"Don't sell her, Morris. I wouldn't have sol her to you if you had not said I could have th use of her."

"I don't believe I can find a customer."

"I am afraid you will, after the race, whe people have seen that she can sail around tho clumsy tubs. But don't you sell her without le ting me know, for I would rather buy her bac than lose the use of her. I suppose you will l me have her for what you gave — won't you?"

"I don't know," laughed Morris. "If I c make something on her, I shall do so, of cours Besides, it would ruin her reputation to sell h for three hundred dollars."

"Well, we will see about that after the race added Major Walkinback. "How shall we g over there in season for the race on Saturday

"I must come over after you in the morning

"That won't do; you haven't time. Sleep w us Friday night in the tent."

"Confound your tent! I should as soon thi of sleeping in the eel-grass at low tide."

"You have two berths in the cuddy of e Basilisk; sleep there, then."

"I can do that, and I think I will," ad Morris.

"That's the only way to do it," persisted the ajor, who seemed to be more earnest about the atter than the occasion required.

"I think I will. But why can't you sleep at e hotel on the night before the race? Then u will be on hand in season, and so will the at. It may be calm, so that we can't get over the stake-boat Saturday morning," suggested e skipper.

"If it is calm, there will be no race. What n that Skylark, and Maud, and Sea Foam do in calm?"

"But if you stay in the city, we shall be on nd with the other boats, whatever the weather."

"I can't stay in the city over night. It is out the question. Why, I wouldn't take ten thou- nd dollars for the property I have in this camp, ough I don't mean to say it is worth that to any e else. My gun was presented to me by the ltan of Turkey, and — "

"Exactly so. I will sleep in the boat over re," interposed Morris, for he was afraid the jor would keep him all night to tell him about sultan, who was, doubtless, "a particular end."

"Besides, I want to smooth off the bottom of th Basilisk with a little black-lead the last thing be fore she starts for the race," said the major, wh dropped the sultan more readily than he did hi "particular friends."

This arrangement was satisfactory to both pa ties, and Morris departed in the Basilisk. Fo the rest of the week the regatta was the excitin topic of conversation in the dwellings of th nabobs whose sons belonged to the clubs, in th streets, shops, and on the wharves. Ramsay Son, the celebrated boat-builders of the city, h completed the Alice for Frank Norwood, and t members of the club were deeply interested in t question of her speed compared with the Mau which was generally believed to be the fastest b of her class in the fleet. A great deal was s about the Basilisk, which had shown her stern everything when the wind was light or moder As it had happened that all the regattas of preceding season had taken place when the w was very fresh, the owners of the heavy-weat craft confidently expected such a day for the co ing race, because the breeze had been fresh nea every day during the week. The Basilisk

hardly been out without two or three reefs in her mainsail; and the yachtmen had come to regard her with very little dread. On Friday afternoon, Morris stocked his boat with provisions for the night and the next day. The Basilisk had a charcoal furnace among her belongings, which could be used on shore or on deck, and a supply of fuel was sent on board. He put the gaff-topsail on board, though he could hardly conceive of a wind light enough to permit of its use. With everything ready for the race, he sailed for the island. He had told his landlady that he should sleep on the boat, and not return till after the race.

On his arrival, he found the major and Marshall on the shore waiting for him. They embarked in the Basilisk, and wanted to go up to Pinchport. Morris steered for that place. The major talked of the race. He was, apparently, very much interested and excited. He unrolled the gaff-topsail, and found a hole in it, which he was mending when the boat reached Pinchport.

"Do you know where the bank is, Morris?" asked Major Walkinback.

"Of course I do."

"I wanted to come up here to get a bill changed.

Will you go up, as you know just where the bank is, and do it for me?''

The major produced one of the hundred-dollar bills which Morris had paid him for the boat, and the skipper went to the bank to get small bills for it. He was detained some time, for the cashier was not behind his counter at that time of day. He looked all about the bank, but found him at last, and obtained the small bills.

When he returned, the major had finished mending the sail. Marshall had been asleep, or appeared to have been, for the last hour, and the other campist was stretched out on the opposite berth. Morris got under way without their help, after he had given the major the small bills, and they did not show themselves till the boat was outside of Pinchport harbor. Morris then sailed over the course for the regatta. In the evening the party returned to the island, where Morris cooked a supper for them. At nine o'clock, the campists left him, and he turned in.

All the incidents of this afternoon, even to the minutest of them, Morris Hollinghead had occasion to recall within a few days.

CHAPTER IX.

A GOOD START.

MORRIS'S bed in the little cabin of the Basilisk was not nearly so comfortable as his accustomed one in the side room off his parlor at Mrs. De Canter's. It was only a berth filled with coats and other garments kept on board. The skipper was very tired, but he could not sleep for some time, his bed was so hard, and he was so excited about the race on the following day. He tossed about in his narrow bunk for an hour, and then thought it was nearly morning, when he struck a match and looked at his watch. He was very much surprised to find that it was only a little after ten. While he was thinking that he would get up and pay a visit to the campists, he fell asleep.

When he awoke, it was broad daylight, and his watch informed him that it was four o'clock. His

first thought was in regard to the regatta, and he looked about him for the indications of the weather. There was not a cloud in the sky, and not a breath of air disturbed the glassy surface of the bay. Thus far, everything was favorable to his side of the race, though, as the sun rose, it might bring with it a strong breeze. He proceeded to discharge the first duty of a boatman off on a cruise, and washed down the deck and the standing-room of the Basilisk — a very stupid operation for that time of day, since it made the boat wet and uncomfortable before the sun came with sufficient power to dry her off in the briefest period.

Having reduced the deck and the seats in the standing-room to a condition which made it unpleasant for him to remain on board, he hauled up his tender, and embarked for the shore, intending to pay the campists an early visit. He landed and saw the sun rising over the eastern hills, and listened to the cheerful songs of the early birds. Slowly he sauntered along towards the camp till he came in sight of the white tent on the knoll. Major Walkinback had airily declared that he never got out of his bed till nine o'clock in the

morning, and not often till ten. Morris, therefore, was very much surprised to see the campists stirring at that unseasonable hour. The major, with his coat off, was at work with a shovel, apparently digging a hole in the ground.

As boys often do, Morris indicated his coming from afar off by a whistle, loud and sharp enough to have proceeded from a locomotive. He made the sound by blowing with a finger of each hand in his mouth, in a manner very mysterious to those who never attempted the feat. The major instantly suspended his work, threw down his shovel, and walked rapidly towards his approaching visitor. As he did so, Marshall came out from behind a tree, picked up the shovel, and resumed the labor his companion had abandoned.

"Good morning, Major," said Morris, as he came within hailing distance of him.

"Good morning, Morris. You remind me of the Prince Umberto, for he was always turning out, when in camp, in the small hours of the morning," replied the campist.

"It seems I didn't turn out any earlier than you did. I thought you never left your bed till nine or ten o'clock."

"That's when I sleep in a house. In camp, I always turn out at four o'clock in the morning, or even earlier. We have no evenings here, and we are obliged to turn in by nine or ten o'clock; and a fellow can't sleep all the time. In society, I never retire till one or two o'clock in the morning. When I was in camp with Von Beust, we used to stay up as late as this, discussing the science of government; for, you see, he was a monarchist, and I a republican. He did his best to convert me to his theory; but I carried too many guns for him. Come, Morris, we will go down to the boat and attend to her before breakfast," continued the major, as he led the way towards the shore.

"What are you digging there, so early in the morning?" asked the skipper of the Basilisk.

"In the first place, I was digging for exercise for I always like a little vigorous exertion when I first get up. In my villa on the Lake of Como I had a gymnasium, which I fitted up at an expense of fifty thousand francs."

"You didn't take it with you when you camped out — did you?"

"No; but I had a portable one, which I used here."

"What's that?"

"A common shovel. It affords me the best exercise I can obtain. It is better than a wood-saw and horse, for it brings more of the muscles of the body into play. I preached this doctrine to Prince Umberto, and also to his brother, the present King of Spain. And it would have amused you to see these princes shovelling away at sunrise in the morning, as though they were laborers on a railroad. But it did them both a great deal of good. We had to pay ten thousand francs to the owner of the island in Lake Maggiore, for the damage done to the land with our shovels, for we had thrown about half the soil of it into the lake."

"Good for Prince Umberto!"

"Since that he has kept a hundred loads of gravel in the court-yard of his palace, with which he takes his morning exercise."

"I have no doubt the shovel is an excellent piece of gymnastic apparatus," added Morris. "I see you have converted Marshall to your theory, for he is using the shovel more vigorously than I ever saw him use any tool before."

"I am sorry to say that Marshall is not con-

verted. I remarked that I used the shovel, in the first place, for exercise. In the present instance, I was applying the implement to a useful purpose. I never like to hurt any one's feelings, and for this reason I have not told your cousin that he is no cook; but such is the lamentable truth. I shall have to break up the camp, or have a better cook."

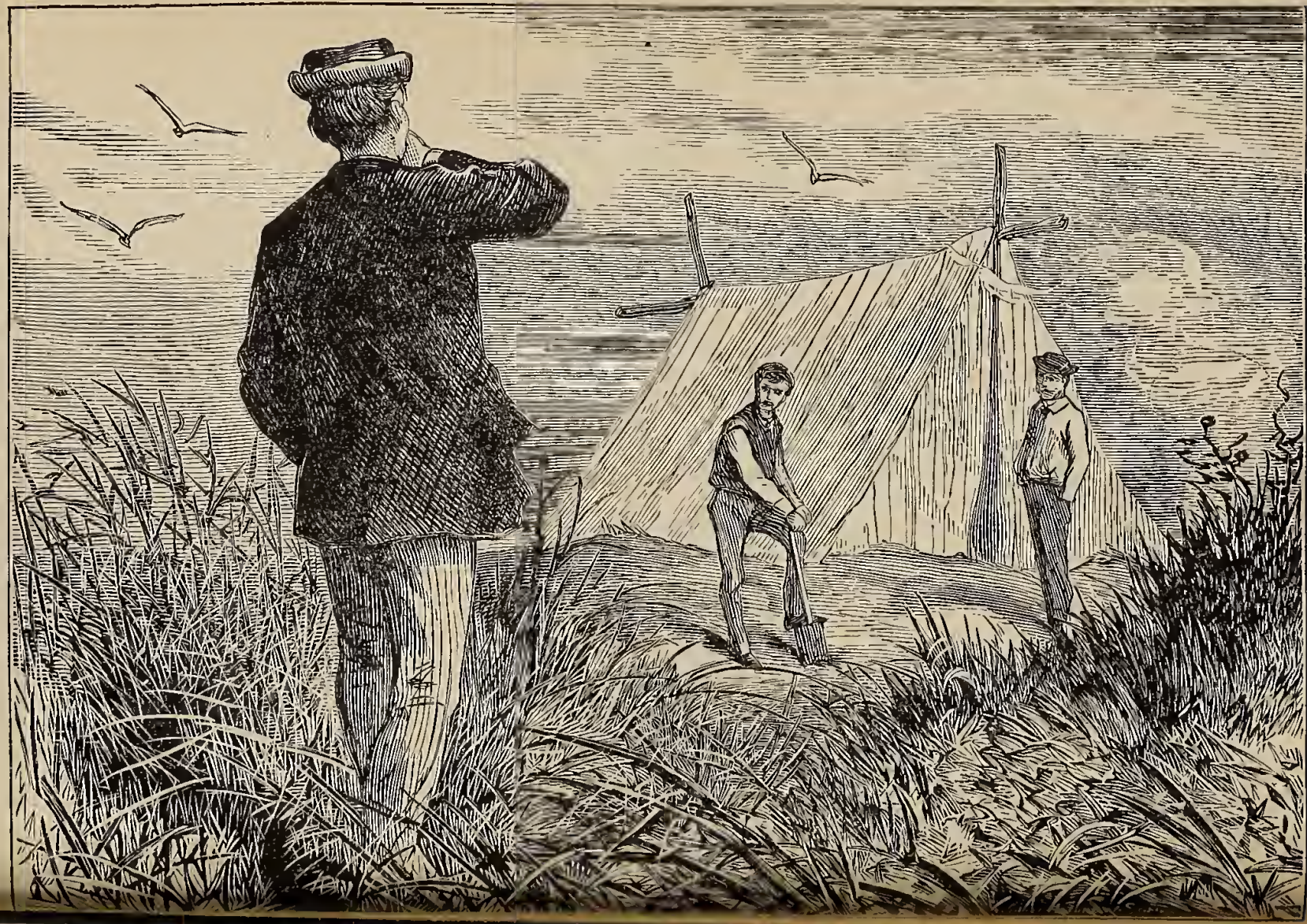
"Why don't you cook yourself?"

"Because it spoils my hands. I am always pricking and scratching my fingers with fish-bones; and these wounds disable me from playing the piano."

"But what has the digging to do with the cooking?" asked Morris.

"I'll tell you. When I was in the Prussian army, the soldiers used to construct a kind of oven in the ground. I am going to build one at our camp, for I am very fond of baked fish; and with this, Marshall will have no chance to spoil my dinner, as he does about every day. I shot some birds the other morning, and turned them over to the cook. The fellow actually fried them in pork fat."

Morris was perfectly satisfied with this length



planation, as he would have been if it had only n half as elaborate. By this time they had ched the shore. The Basilisk was hauled up he shelving beach, and the major attempted to mine her bottom; but, as the tide was coming it was quite impossible to do so to any pur- e. As the skipper afterwards stated it, he ssed" for an hour over her, but did nothing all. An attempt was made to heel her over seaward, but their working force was not icient to do the job.

"I am satisfied with her, Morris. I have seen bottom down to the garboard streak, and it s clean as a lady's face," said the major. "I guarantee that you shall win the race for five cent. of the first prize. But you mustn't sell Basilisk, Morris."

"I shall, if I get a chance to make something her," replied the money-maker. "She isn't the boat I want."

"Upon my soul, I think she is."

"In vacation, the fellows are going on a cruise n to Isle-au-Haut, then up to Eastport, and through Edgemoggin Reach. I wouldn't my neck out at sea in this boat, and I want o with the club."

"She is perfectly safe."

"Not much. She came very near spilling m into the drink the other night. In the Maud, Se Foam, and other yachts like them, the fellow stick her right out to sea, even when it blow great guns; and I should have to stay in port They would have a chance to laugh at me ever day in the week down there, where the sea often rough. I want a stiffer boat than she is.

"I will give you three hundred dollars for her, said the major, earnestly.

Morris hesitated. This sum would just mak him whole; and he was tempted to accept th offer. Probably he would have done so, if ot Captain Blaney, from Bangor, who had com down the Penobscot with what he considered very fast boat, had not said something to hi about the Basilisk, which led him to think might buy her. Morris had beaten his boat ve badly on Thursday afternoon; but the captain h owned up, and expressed very great admiration the sailing qualities of the Basilisk. He went board of her, looked her over, and asked a gre many questions about her. If there was any bo that would beat his craft, he wanted to own her.

While he was considering the major's offer, rris looked about at the indications of the ather. The sun was well up now, and the ttle zephyrs from the west rippled on the ters of the bay. If the wind had been north- t or south-west, he would have accepted the r, for in that event, he could more reasonably e expected a breeze too stiff for the Basilisk. it was from the west, the chances were alto- her in favor of a light wind. If he won the t prize in the regatta,—as he was almost sure doing if the breeze was light,— he could sell boat for two hundred dollars, and be just as l off at night as though he accepted Major lkinback's offer, while the winning of the race ht enable him to sell the Basilisk for four or n five hundred dollars; and then he should e two or three hundred by the speculation.

"Cash down," said the major, while the skipper considering the offer. "But I must say, I k you would be a fool to take me up."

"That's just my opinion," laughed Morris; d I won't do it."

"But don't you sell her to any one else. I er that you should keep her; but, if you in-

sist upon selling her, I will give more for her than anybody else will. Don't sell her without giving me the first chance to buy her.''

''I will not, Major.''

''That's settled, then. Now, Morris, I shall do you the honor to breakfast with you. The supper you gave us last night was fit for a king; and I don't think I shall be able to eat anything your cousin cooks after you are gone, at least not till the oven is done.''

''I shall be happy to have you breakfast with me,'' added Morris.

''Thanks. And while you are getting it ready, I will go up to the camp, and dress myself for the exciting sports of the day. How long before the collation will be ready?''

''It will take me an hour to get up the fire, and boil the potatoes.''

''Very well, Prince Morris. Give that whistle when you are ready.''

''Prince Morris!'' laughed the cook.

''You remind me so much of Prince Umberto that I can't help calling you so,'' added the major as he departed for the tent.

Morris placed the furnace on some short board

upon the deck to protect it from the heat, made a fire in it. He had a taste and a tal- for cooking, and enjoyed it very much. He d the potatoes, made the coffee, and prepared sh of cream toast with the loaf of stale bread ad brought. After sounding the whistle for guests at the camp, he put his beefsteak on gridiron. By the time they arrived, it was to a turn. The meal was taken from a table on the wash-boards, and extending across the ling-room.

ajor Walkinback was very enthusiastic in his e of the beefsteak, the coffee, and the toast; Marshall said little. Morris observed that ousin looked pale and haggard, and that his were bloodshot, and sunk deep in his head. oncluded that he had been drinking too much, is breath was strong with whiskey.

Excellently well done, Prince Morris!" ex- ed the major. "I have eaten many a worse fast than this in the palaces of kings and es. This cream toast is a dish unknown in pe, though I showed Prince Umberto how to it, and got up some myself for Bismarck, assured me it was the nicest article of which d ever partaken."

"It isn't bad," added Morris.

The breakfast was finished; the dishes we washed, and everything put in its place; but was only seven o'clock then. The sail w hoisted, and, as the wind was still very light, t gaff-topsail was set.

"I don't care about going to the race," s Marshall, when the Basilisk was all ready to s "I didn't sleep very well last night, and my h aches."

"But we can't spare you," protested Ma Walkinback, bestowing upon his fellow-campi look so savage that Morris was astonished.

"I would rather sleep off the forenoon in tent."

"Sleep in the cuddy, if you want to, till race comes off. But you must go with us," ad the major, decidedly.

"We can spare him, if he don't want to g suggested Morris.

"No, we can't, Prince Morris. We want for ballast, and we may not be able to find body else," replied the major. "Up with anchor, Marshall."

The haggard young man obeyed the order

ictantly. He seemed to be feeble, and behaved one who was utterly exhausted. Morris ed him get up the anchor, when he saw what rd job his cousin was making of it. Light as breeze was, the Basilisk shot away from the e like an arrow discharged from a bow. As e was plenty of time, Morris ran down towards tle Head. The bay was perfectly smooth, with a sign of a wave or a swell, the surface of water variegated by the light airs that played h it. Marshall had stretched himself on one he bunks in the cuddy, but instead of sleeping, seemed to be tossing restlessly about on his l bed. The major thought they had better not up to Belfast harbor till it was nearly time to into line, for there was some choice of posi- which he might secure for the Basilisk after other yachts had anchored.

he judges' craft was the Penobscot, a yacht hundred tons, owned by the father of the modore of the club. She was moored at the ance of the harbor, gayly dressed with flags. and engaged by the club was stationed on her t, and shortly after eight o'clock the strains usic came across the water. Quite a number

of the yachts were also in position. At half p
eight a gun from the Penobscot indicated tha
was time for all the yachts to be in line.

"Now, Prince Morris, shall I take the helm
asked the major.

"No, I think not, Baron Walkinback," repl
Morris, who was not particularly pleased with
title by which his companion addressed him.

"Don't you wish me to sail the Basilisk
you in this race?"

"I do not. I prefer to sail her myself."

"Then if you are beaten, it will not be
fault, Prince Morris."

"Certainly not, Count Walkinback. If th
is any fun in this business, I prefer to enjo
myself, as I paid for the boat."

"Just as you please, Prince Morris," ad
the major.

But he was not a little disconcerted.

"I think I can sail the boat, King Walkinbac

"No doubt you can. If you do not desire
services, I do not wish to force them upon y
I will thank you to address me simply as M
Walkinback," added the major, evidently m
annoyed by the manner of the skipper.

"I shall be equally obliged to you if you will ll me simply Morris — 'only this, and nothing ore.' "

"Pardon me if I applied any offensive title to u," said the major, stiffly.

"Accept my apology for doing the same thing." The major turned away from the skipper, and as silent. The wind had freshened a little, and e Basilisk now carried a "bone in her mouth," she approached the Penobscot. Morris ran her der the stern of the judges' boat.

"The Basilisk, Morris M. Hollinghead," shout- the skipper, reporting his arrival.

"I think we won't quarrel, Morris," said the jor, with a smile, a moment later.

"I had no thought of quarrelling," replied rris.

"I supposed you wished me to sail the Basilisk you, as I am used to her."

"I think I know her very well, for I have been ling her every day for over a week. I don't ow about that gaff-topsail," added Morris, as e boat heeled over till she showed her garboard eak to those in the yachts to windward of .

"She will carry it, if you handle her right. When it is too much for her, we can haul it down in two seconds," replied the major. "Now, get a position as far to windward as you can."

"Basilisk, ahoy!" shouted Joseph Guilford, the captain of the fleet, who was in his tender, forming the line.

"In the boat!" replied Morris.

"Anchor next to the Alice."

"Ay, ay."

In a few moments the Basilisk was in the required position, with the Alice on one side, and the Ripple — Captain Blaney's fast boat — on the other. All the preparations for the start were made, and Marshall, who had come out of the cuddy, was stationed at the cable, to toss it into the tender when the second gun was fired.

"The course has been changed," said the captain of the fleet, as his tender approached the Basilisk; and he handed a printed slip of paper to Morris.

"Changed!" exclaimed the skipper of the boat. "What is that for?"

"The fellows are afraid of getting becalmed beyond Turtle Head. We sail the second course

nstead of the first; and this gives us a fair wind oth ways," replied Captain Guilford.

"I don't like that very well," added Morris. 'I sailed over the first course so as to learn the vay round, and now, at the last moment, it is hanged. I don't think it is fair."

"It is plain sailing all the way, and as fair for ne as for the others. Your sailing directions are ll printed on that paper, and you can't go vrong."

"It is a long course, and it will take all day o go round in this breeze."

"I have been looking for you this morning, to ell you about it; but I could not find you."

Morris looked over the paper, and found that he course was a run down the bay to Camden, assing between the Spindles off North-east Point, round Negro Island, leaving it on the port hand, nd back to the judges' boat by the most direct ourse. The run was about thirty-six miles, and, hough the wind had freshened somewhat, it would equire seven or eight hours to make it. There as, sometimes, a heavy sea off Camden, and Morris could not help thinking that the change ad been made to give the heavy-weather yachts

the advantage over the Basilisk. However, as it did not blow hard, it made but little difference, though Morris protested against the change.

"Where were you this morning, Morris? I called at your house, and they said you were away somewhere."

"I was off in the boat, and slept on board of her last night."

"Down at the Head?"

"No; at the island, near Pinchport," replied Morris.

"Did you hear about the robbery?" asked Captain Guilford.

"No. What robbery?"

"The Pinchport Bank. It was cleaned out last night. But the robbers did not get a very big haul."

"How much did the bank lose?"

"About fifteen thousand dollars, they say. But most of the money is safe, for the robbers couldn't find it. But I must go on board of the Phantom. It's almost time to be off."

Morris had no time to think of the Pinchport Bank at that exciting moment.

"All ready to cast off the rode, Marshall?" said he.

"I'm all ready," replied his cousin, in a singularly indifferent tone.

Bang! went the gun on the Penobscot.

"Cast off!" shouted Morris; and the Basilisk swung round, for her main-boom had been hauled up at the right moment, and she went off like a rocket.

"Let off the sheet, Major!" added the skipper.

"Off it is!" responded Major Walkinback.

The Basilisk heeled over till her gunnel was even with the water, shooting ahead of everything in the fleet. The Maud, Sea Foam, and Skylark were loaded with kites; but it was evident that they were no match for the Basilisk, though the result of the race depended entirely upon the force of the wind. It was a good start.

CHAPTER X.

THE BASILISK IN THE RACE.

NO finer nautical sight was ever seen than that presented by the starting of the fleet of yachts which took part in the regatta. Eleven sloops and schooners were in line, and most of them were actually clouded in kites. There was just breeze enough to enable them to work lively. The cables were all dropped at the same instant, and the jibs were all run up as one on those which carried jibs.

Not one of them cast on the wrong tack, or met with any accident in getting under way. The start was so successful that the spectators on board of the Penobscot involuntarily gave three cheers. The band played, "I see them on their winding way," and the ladies waved their handkerchiefs with great earnestness.

The heavy-weather sloops were certainly doing

very well. Don John, who was the young boat-builder that represented the firm of Ramsay & Son, was sailing the Alice, the last yacht built in his establishment. He was a very skilful boatman, and the only equal in this respect of Commodore Montague, who had formerly run a yacht for his daily bread. The races depended almost entirely upon the skill of the boatmen who sailed these sloops, and upon their readiness to take advantage of favoring circumstances. There were six sloops of nearly the same model, rig, and size, four of which had been built by Ramsay & Son, three by Don John himself, after the death of his father. All these yachts had got off at the same instant, and they kept abreast of each other until they disappeared from the spectators, hidden by the Northport shores.

The Basilisk shot ahead at the start. She was closely followed by the Ripple, in which Captain Blaney had come down from Bangor to "clean out" all the other yachts. The Christabel was third. The chances seemed to be altogether in favor of the Basilisk and the Ripple taking the first and second prizes, and this prospect was not at all pleasant to Commodore Montague and Cap-

tains Patterdale, Rodman, Guilford, Norwood and Shaw, who were the most prominent members of the Yacht Club. Thus far they had had everything their own way, because in the regattas they had always had stiff breezes. But they consoled themselves with the hope that in the lower bay, off Camden, the sea would be rougher and the wind fresher.

Morris was delighted with the prospect thus far, and proud of the position he had taken thus early in the regatta. It was his first appearance as "Captain Hollinghead" in a race, though he had sailed in all of them as cook, seaman, or mate. He had no particular skill as a boatman, and was supposed to be about equal to the average skipper, though he had had but little opportunity to exhibit his powers in this direction, for he had generally sailed in a subordinate situation. He had a very good opinion of his own skill, as his "pass" with Major Walkinback indicated. Certainly, when he found that his boat was a length ahead of the Ripple, he thought very well of himself, and the Basilisk improved in his estimation, though nothing could ever make her a stiff and able craft.

"The first prize lies between the Ripple and the asilisk," said the major, seating himself by the ipper, and surveying the position of each yacht the fleet, after the start.

"While this breeze lasts, it does," replied Cap- n Hollinghead. "But I am afraid that when we t below the Camden Mountains, the breeze will shen too much for us."

"Don't you be alarmed, Captain. If it comes strong for us, all we have to do is to take in t gaff-topsail," added the major.

"We may have to reef."

"We shall have time enough even for that; but lon't think it will be necessary. If everything ntinues just as it is now, we shall beat those msy sloops full two hours."

"If it comes to reefing, it is all up with us. t I don't think it is going to blow much more n it does now," said Morris, looking all around m at the sky and the waters of the bay.

"You must make the most you can while every- ng favors you. I predict that you will round judges' boat by one o'clock."

"Isn't the boat doing all she can?" asked Mor-

ris, who was willing to take the opinion of
passenger on this important point.

"I think she is."

"Could you do any more with her?"

"I don't think I could, honestly, Morris."

"If the Basilisk should win the race with so
one besides myself at the helm, I should not th
the victory was mine. I like to sail a boat;
I lose half the fun if I am not at the stick."

"You are quite right, Morris. Prince Amad
used to sail with me in the Beatrice, on the L
of Como, and always wanted to steer hims
though he knew no more about a boat than a go
Of course I had to gratify him, sometimes; bu
was all lost time to me, for I didn't enjoy it
all."

"We are two lengths ahead of the Ripple,
running away from her all the time," said Mor
who had heard quite enough about Pri
Amadeus.

"The Basilisk will keep doing that all
long."

"It is about time to give a pull on that m
sheet," said Morris.

"Pardon me, if I express my opinion, tho

may not coincide with your own," added the jor, with an extra flourish of politeness.

'Certainly. I am very glad to hear what you 're to say, and I want the benefit of your judg- nt."

'If it is possible for you to lose the race, Mor- you will do so only by following the course ir remark suggested. If I understand you, you 'pose to save distance by running close to the rthport shore."

'I don't intend to go near enough to get be- med there."

'The question is, how near you ought to go. u will find that the commodore will keep well r on Long Island shore."

'I mean to keep about half a mile from the rthport shore. The land is lower beyond Great uce Head, and we shall have breeze enough re. Half a mile out will give us all the wind want. I am more afraid of too much than little."

'I think you are about right," replied Major lkinback, as he hauled in the main-sheet.

Morris put the helm down, and brought the ilisk up so that she had the wind exactly on

the beam. He had some doubts about what he had done, when he saw that Captain Blaney, in the Ripple, did not follow his example, but kept on a quarter of a mile or more farther before he hauled his wind. The Basilisk, however, did not seem to diminish her speed a particle. Her gaff-topsail was up so high that she had the full benefit of all the air stirring. As the major had predicted, the heavy sloops all ran over within half a mile of the Long Island shore; but the Basilisk, which had been to leeward of them in the line, was far enough ahead to cross their track without any danger of a collision. Half an hour later, Morris saw no reason to regret the course he had chosen, and the major declared that he would gain a mile on the Ripple by this step. All the other yachts were now far behind, and far to leeward of the Basilisk. The race was not a close one so far as she was concerned, and Morris was not greatly excited.

"Who is that fellow that came alongside in the line, and gave the Basilisk her position?" asked the major.

"Joe Guilford," replied Morris. "He is the captain of the fleet."

Didn't he say some bank had been robbed?"
ired the passenger, as, with his gloved hand,
elected a cigar from his case.
Yes, the Pinchport Bank."
When was that?" continued the major,
ing his cigar with a match.
Last night," answered Morris, so absorbed in
sailing of the boat that he hardly heeded his
panion.
Did the bank lose much?"
About fifteen thousand dollars, Joe said.
the robbers didn't find the place where most
e money was kept," added Morris.
Well, that's lucky for the bank, but hard on
obbers," laughed the major, with great com-
re, as he puffed leisurely at his cigar. "I
your pardon, Morris; I didn't offer you a
. Won't you have one?" and he offered
ase to the skipper.
No, I thank you. I never smoke."
These cigars are extra nice. They were sent
e by the King of Spain."
They would make me sick just as quick as
gh you had bought them at a druggist's shop
lfast," replied Morris.

"Don't smoke, if it makes you sick. Then the robbers made a bad job of it at the Pinchport Bank."

"They got fifteen thousand dollars, and I think that is very good for one night's work."

"The risks are very great. Did they catch the robbers?"

"I don't know; but I hope they will."

"Of course; so do I. But, then, bank robbers are generally first-class cracksmen; and when they undertake a job of that kind, they intend to make a fortune by it."

"How's that?" said Morris, as a slight flaw of wind knocked the Basilisk down till the water had nearly run in over her washboard.

"Never mind that," replied the major, deliberately.

The boat had passed the high bluffs of Northport, and the shore was lower, so that the puffs came with full force upon the gaff-topsail. Another and another struck her, and she took in a couple of buckets of water over the washboard.

"I think we had better take in the gaff-topsail," said Morris. "She don't sail any faster for it

n the puffs are continually knocking her over.
eps her see-sawing all the time."

You are right, Morris, and we will haul it
n. Come, bear a hand, Marshall," added the
r, as he sprang upon the half-deck forward.

arshall obeyed; but he had not a particle of
est in the race, and had hardly spoken a word
the start. The gaff-topsail was taken in.
moment it went down, a yell came across the
rs from the crews of the heavy sloops, who
rded this reducing sail on the Basilisk as the
sign of her weakness; and the yell was a shout
erision. She was a long distance ahead of
ything in the fleet, except the Ripple; and
was not within hailing distance.

That's like the crow of a bantam rooster,"
ied Major Walkinback. "But it's a bad sign
ow before you are out of the woods."

don't see that we are losing anything,"
d the skipper.

ot an inch. As you say, Captain Hollinghead,
at won't sail any faster when she carries too
sail. This breeze is just the pattern for
asilisk. We are getting more speed out of
than before we took in that gaff-topsail."

"I think so."

The coast on the main shore now began to tre to the south-west. The sheet was hauled and the boat kept more up into the wind. T sail drew full all the time, and the puffs did heel her down below the gunnel; and Mor knew that she would stand considerably more th she had yet had. A few minutes before elev she passed between the spindles off Camd Harbor, and stood across the bay to the chan between Negro Island and the main land. Mor had never been through this channel; but major assured him there was no danger at t time of the tide. Letting off the sheet again, Basilisk darted through the narrow passa astonishing Uncle Barker, the light-keeper on island, with the rate of speed at which she f through the water in such a light breeze.

"Now we come to the worst of it," said Mor anxiously, as the major started the sheet off southern point of the island, and the gybed sa

"The worst isn't very bad," replied the ma

"There is the Ripple, just going between Spindles, and the rest of the fleet are hardly with Lincolnville beach."

"They can't catch us, unless some accident ppens to the Basilisk," continued Morris.

"No accident can happen to her."

"She may be knocked over by a flaw. This is ad place, for the wind sucks in around those ls. I wish you would cast off the sheet, and d it with a turn on the cleat."

"Anything to please you, Captain Hollinghead," lied the major, complying with the request.

This was the most exposed portion of the whole rse, and as soon as the Basilisk passed under lee of the island, several flaws struck her, and heeled over till the water was nearly up to the of the washboard; but the major did not k off the sheet but once, and not then till a ket or two of water had poured into the ding-room. In half an hour she came up with heavy sloops, which were just hauling their d to stand in towards Camden Harbor. Mor- kept to leeward of all of them, but went as near n as it was prudent to go. The Alice, Skylark, Maud were making a very even thing of it, were all abreast of each other.

"Have you been around Nigger Island?" ited Commodore Montague.

"Of course I have," replied Morris.

"Doubted!" cried some one in the standing-room of the Skylark.

"Ask the light-keeper on the island," added Morris; and then the boats were out of hailing distance of each other.

The jolly yachtmen of the heavy craft were evidently very much discouraged at the prospect, though they were having quite a lively race among themselves. Don John, in the Alice, was giving the Skylark and the Maud a hard pull, though neither had any decided advantage over the others. The rest of the course was smooth sailing for the Basilisk; and when she came up with the Northport shore, her gaff-topsail was set again to catch the light airs higher up than the mainsail. She continued to almost fly on her way, till those on board of her could see the flag-decked Penobscot. The major gradually braced up the sail, and she was soon discovered by the judges.

"Now, Captain Hollinghead, your moment of triumph is at hand," said the major.

"We have certainly cleaned out everything else in the fleet," replied the skipper, intensely gratified at the result of the race.

"And we have come in right side up," added ne passenger.

"By good management we have," laughed the kipper. "But those fellows in the heavy yachts il nearly on an even keel, with all their kites t."

"Now, mind your eye," said Major Walkin- ck, as the band on the deck of the Penobscot ruck up "Hail to the chief." "Let us go in ndsomely."

Morris stood up in the standing-room, and the silisk dashed briskly in towards the judges' cht. In a moment more she was abreast of her.

"Time!" cried the chairman of the judges.

A heavy gun from the bow of the Penobscot veloped her in smoke, and seemed to shake r very timbers.

"One, twenty, thirty-two!" called the judge, o held the watch, and another recorded it in schedule.

The spectators on the large yacht gave three sing cheers, and the ladies shook their hand- chiefs vigorously. Morris raised his cap and ved in reply to the salute. Putting the helm n, while the major hauled in the sheet, he

ran the Basilisk close under the stern of the Penobscot.

"Where are the rest of them?" asked the chairman.

"They will be here in about two hours," replied Morris, soberly.

A loud laugh greeted this reply.

"The Ripple in about one hour," added the skipper, as the Basilisk ran out of earshot of the Penobscot.

Morris picked up his moorings and tended and anchored the Basilisk to windward of the judges' craft.

"Will you go on board of the Penobscot?" said he to the major, as soon as the anchor was thrown overboard.

"No, I think not," replied the passenger. "Those people bore me terribly; and I am afraid they will ask me to sing if I go. I don't like to use my voice in the open air."

"They are having a collation in the cabin," suggested Morris, very much surprised at the refusal of his companion.

"I don't care for that. I can find some grub in the cuddy which will do for me."

Morris got into the tender, and pulled towards he Penobscot. When he had made half the istance, he saw that Major Walkinback and Marhall appeared to be engaged in an earnest conersation. His cousin seemed to have found his ongue which he had lost during the forenoon. lowever, he thought nothing of the circumance, though he wondered what they were lking about.

On board of the Penobscot, the victor in the ace was warmly congratulated, even by those ho were interested in the other yachts which ad been so badly beaten. He was invited to e cabin by Mr. Montague, and partook with een relish of the collation. About the time he ad finished his refreshments, there was a stir n deck, and it was announced that the Ripple as in sight. In a few moments she came in, rty minutes behind the Basilisk. She was a hooner, twenty-eight feet long, covered with ites. She carried, besides her fore and mainils, two jibs, two gaff-topsails, a stay-sail, and fore square-sail, the latter of which had been of ttle use to her, as the yacht had been on the ind nearly the whole of the course.

Captain Blaney boarded the Penobscot as soo as he could take in his kites, and asked to s the time of the Basilisk.

"She didn't beat me so badly as I thought sh was doing," said he.

"Forty minutes is bad enough," laughed th chairman.

"That's a fact! If we had had only a capfu more wind, I should have laid her out."

"I think we could have stood another capful," interposed Morris.

"Not another thimbleful. That boat carrie more mainsail for her inches than any other bo I ever saw. She is a fast one," added the cap tain. "Do you want to sell her?"

"I will sell her," answered Morris, indiffer ently.

"What do you ask?"

"Six hundred."

"O, no; that's too steep. Her speed is al there is of her. I wouldn't be caught outside i her when the wind blew."

"She is not calculated for heavy weather," replied Morris, honestly; "but for a bay or rive boat she is all that can be asked for."

"I will give you three hundred dollars for
er."

"No, sir!" replied Morris, decidedly. "Noth-
ng less than six hundred will take just now."

"I looked over her the other day, and found
he was an old tub. Do you really want to sell
er?"

"I am not anxious about it. Six hundred will
uy her."

"You will shade that figure a good deal, I
now," laughed Captain Blaney. "I don't care
o have anything about that will beat the Ripple.
will give you four hundred — and that is all
will give. I may break her up as soon as I
uy her, for I only want to get her out of the
ay."

"I don't care what you do with her. But
our hundred won't buy her to-day. Perhaps it
ill, Monday. Another man wants her; and I
ean to get all I can for her."

"Of course. That's right. I will say four
fty, if another man is after her, for I don't
ant him to have her."

That was the best the captain would do so far;
nd the announcement that the other yachts were

coming in broke up a trade for the present. Th Skylark and the Alice had distanced the Maud and were the leading yachts; but they wer neck and neck, and no one on the Penobscot coul tell which of the two was ahead. The chairma of the judges had his eye fixed upon an obje on the shore, and he called time when the for masts of the yachts covered it. Now, it so hap pened that the masts of the Alice and the Sky lark were just in range, and shut in the obje together. The same time was given to both but it made no difference, for neither was enti tled to a prize. This result was greeted wit cheers and laughter by the crowd. The Mau came in next, and last of all the Christabel, whic had, unfortunately, carried away her topmast i a flaw.

The yachtmen all repaired to the Penobscot where the chairman of the judges presented th prizes — the first to Morris, and the second t Captain Blaney.

CHAPTER XI.

POOR BILL GRIFFIN.

MORRIS put the hundred dollar bill, which constituted the first prize of the regatta, into s pocket. He had been offered four hundred and ty dollars for the Basilisk, and thought he should able to get five hundred for her. The boat as not a bad speculation, in his estimation, nce he was sure of making two hundred and ty dollars, and might double his money on her. All the yachtmen were talking about the Basi-k, and they spoke very disparagingly of her, spite of the brilliant record she had made in e race. They laughed derisively at the fact at she had been obliged to take in her gaff-top-il in a breeze that was little better than a calm. e was certainly a very fast sailer in a two-knot eeze; but they would not risk their lives in r on a voyage to Turtle Head.

This was the popular sentiment in the Yac
Club, and it was the result of the careful traini
of the fathers of the young men, many of who
were old shipmasters. They had insisted alway
that a stiff and safe boat was the first thing to
considered, and that the yachts should not
built for speed at the expense of these qualitie
The Skylark was a notable example of an ab
and weatherly craft, and the other yachts ha
been built after her model. The Basilisk was
fair specimen of yachts built only to sail fast, an
the yachtmen declared that she had to reef in
calm. Indeed, there was so much evil speakin
in regard to the winning boat, that Morris hardl
felt that he had gained a victory. But there we
those present, not members of the Club, wh
were amazed at the speed the Basilisk had show
and none of them were more astonished than Ca
tain Blaney.

After all that had been said against his boa
Morris was more anxious than ever to dispose
her. The owner of the Ripple, which she ha
beaten so thoroughly, was almost as anxious
purchase her; and as soon as the prizes were di
tributed, he looked about him for the owner

fast craft. He renewed his offer to Morris, , however, declined to accept it, for he lled the promise he had made to Major Walback not to sell her till he had given him an ortunity to buy her. While the captain was ing with Mr. Montague, Morris dropped into tender, and pulled to the Basilisk.

"You think we are patient — don't you, Mor-" said Major Walkinback, as the tender came gside.

"I hope you are, for patience is a virtue which ought to cultivate," replied Morris, boating oars, but exhibiting no intention to leave the ler.

"I thought you meant to spend the day on board he Penobscot," added the major.

"The prizes were given out but ten minutes ago; I only came over to see you a moment now."

"I am rather in a hurry to return to the camp, I should not have left my gun and other valle property there, if I had known that you e robbers around here."

"I will go over with you very soon. I wanted ee you about the Basilisk. I have a chance ell her," continued Morris.

"What do you want to sell her for?" deman the major, impatiently.

"I told you she did not suit me."

"I don't think it is just the thing for yo sell her now. I should have kept her if hadn't said you would let her to me once while."

"But I didn't agree to keep her," prote Morris, warmly; for, though a money-maker would have lost all the boat cost him rather t have violated an agreement.

"I know you didn't. But I never though such a thing as that you would sell her, e cially before you had had her a fortnight."

"Very likely I shall buy another boat."

"I don't care to sail in any boat but the F lisk; and if you are going to sell her, I must her. I told you I would take her off your ha at the price you paid me. Then you will ma hundred dollars on her, for she has taken the p for you."

"I have a better offer than that," added Mo softening the intelligence with a laugh. "I sell her for five hundred, I think."

"You are a regular little speculator. Bu

n't know that I can find any fault with you. I s weak that I didn't provide for such an emer- ncy as this. What's your offer, Morris?''

'Four hundred and fifty; and I believe the man t made it will give five hundred. I thought I uld see you before I let her go.''

'You promised to do that.''

'I know I did; and that's the reason I am here this moment.''

'Who made the offer?''

'Captain Blaney, the gentleman that owns the ple. He is vexed because his boat was beaten adly; for he came down here on purpose to n out all the yachts; and he would have done f the Basilisk had not been in the race.''

'It wouldn't have been a hard thing to do, with- the Basilisk.''

'He don't care anything about the boat, except get her out of the way of his own. He said he n't know but he should break her up, if he ght her.''

'Break up the Basilisk! The Vandal!'' ex- imed the major. ''He can't have her. If he s a thousand or ten thousand, he shall not buy , for I will outbid him. Break up the Basi- k!''

"I don't believe he would go above five hundred," added Morris, candidly.

"Then she is mine again. The trade is made, and the cash is ready," said Major Walkinback, drawing his wallet.

Morris was utterly astonished, for he had not believed that his companion would really purchase the boat; certainly not that he would give more for her than he had received when he sold her.

"I don't want to take any advantage of you," said he, when he considered that the major was two hundred dollars out by his boat trades since he came to Belfast.

"I don't allow any one to take advantage of me. It is a fair trade. The Basilisk is worth six hundred dollars of any man's money that knows about a boat. When I sold her, I thought I was practically getting a boatman to take care of her for me — some one that I could trust."

"I am sorry that I have disappointed you, Major."

"No matter. We won't cry over spilled milk. There is your money."

Major Walkinback took a clean five hundred

ar bill from his wallet and tendered it to
ris.

This bill is an old friend of mine, for it has
n in my pocket nearly three years. Do you
the name written in pencil upon it in a dozen
es?''

lorris examined the bill, and found the name,
ll Griffin,'' scribbled on the face and back of
several places.

I see it,'' added he.

Well sir, that name was written there by
ce Umberto, while we were in camp together,
870,'' added the major.

Indeed! He is not a very elegant penman.''

He only scratched it while we were talking
ut it.''

Who is Bill Griffin?'' asked Morris, wonder-
whether or not his companion was making up
story as he went along.

I'll tell you who Bill Griffin is, or, rather,
he was; for he is dead now — poor fellow!''

By the way, Major, you said you were in a
ry to return to the camp,'' interposed Morris,
suspected that the story of Bill Griffin might
long yarn.

"I am; and I hope the bank robbers haven't taken it into their heads to stray over to the tent," replied the major.

"As I have sold the boat, I don't care to return to the Penobscot, and we may as well be working towards the island," said Morris, as he carefully deposited the five hundred dollar note in his wallet, and buttoned up the pocket in which he placed it.

The anchor was got up, and in a moment the Basilisk was under way, for her mainsail had not been lowered.

"Now, who is Bill Griffin?" asked Morris, as he seated himself at the tiller.

"Bill Griffin was a good fellow, noble and generous to a fault, but fast, very fast," said the major, lighting a cigar. "When he was twenty-one, he came into possession of a little bagatelle of a fortune of fifty thousand dollars, or so. He was a friend of mine, and used to spend a week or two with me at my father's country place, near Cincinnati. Just before I left for Europe, to study music in Milan, he came out to see me. He was particularly jolly, even more so than usual. We drank a couple of bottles of champagne together,

the music-room, in the evening. Ah, how ttle I thought then that I should never see the oor fellow again! While we sat at the table, he ok out his wallet, and produced the very five ndred-dollar bill I have just paid you, Morris. e laid it down, and, slapping the palm of his nd upon it, declared that it was the last of his rtune. I was really quite shocked when he told e he had been gambling at Cape May; but he ly laughed, and made light of it. I talked to m like a brother, about his evil ways. I don't nd a fellow's drinking a bottle or two of cham- gne of an evening, or playing for five or ten llars a corner, for the fun of it. But when he es fifty thousand dollars in a single year in mbling and dissipation, I think it is about time mething was done to reform him."

"I should think it was," added Morris, who tainly had no reason to complain of the sever- of the major's code of morals.

"Without repeating the arguments adduced in or of temperance and moderation in using the uries of life, I finally persuaded him to prom- that he would not play again for more than or ten dollars a corner. Perhaps it is neces-

sary for me to say that I am no fanatic on these points."

"I don't think it is," said Morris.

"I wouldn't insist that a fellow should not play cards, or shake props, for a reasonable stake, or that he should not drink a bottle of wine, or even half a dozen nippers of whiskey, of an evening; but I believe in moderation, and don't like to see a fellow make a beast of himself. It is the best way always to keep on the safe side."

"I think it is. But the safe side is never to drink or gamble," laughed Morris.

"But that is fanaticism," protested Major Walkinback.

"It is a pity that Bill Griffin was not a fanatic," added Morris. "The five hundred dollars was all that was left of his fifty thousand?"

"Literally all," continued the major, returning to his narrative. "He had not enough besides to pay his fare back to the city, and he wished me to change the bill for him. I did so; and this explains how it came into my possession. I put it in my pocket, and sailed for Europe a few days later. I thought I would keep it as a memorial of Bill Griffin, for I should want some

of our money to pay my expenses when I returned to New York. While I was in camp with Prince Umberto, we were talking about the finances of the United States one day. I was criticising the little nasty notes which bore his father's portrait, and I told him that our paper currency was much handsomer than the Italian. In proof of what I said, I showed him this note. He owned that I was right, for he couldn't help doing so, as he looked the bill over. Of course I couldn't help thinking of Bill Griffin when I produced the note, and I told the prince the story, just as I have told it to you. He could not pronounce the name, and I spelled it for him. Having a pencil in his hand, he wrote it on the bill, and kept writing it as he listened to the sad tale."

"But what became of Bill?"

"Just before I went into camp with Prince Umberto, I received a Cincinnati paper which contained a marked paragraph. It was a brief history of poor Bill. After I left home, he drank harder than ever, had the delirium tremens, and died in a police station in Louisville, without a dollar or a friend. That was what was the matter with Bill Griffin."

"But if you want to keep the bill, you need not pay for the boat yet. I am in no hurry for the money," added Morris.

"I don't care to keep it any longer. Indeed, I would rather not, for every time I open my wallet, the sight of that bill reminds me of poor Bill. The two bills will go together in spite of me; and it isn't pleasant to think of this sad story."

The major insisted, and Morris retained the bill, promising to give his passenger a bill of sale as soon as he could obtain writing materials.

"Never mind the bill of sale," replied the major. "Have you the one I gave you?"

"I have." And Morris produced the document.

"The major tore it in pieces, and threw them overboard.

"Now, you have no claim to the Basilisk," said he.

"None at all."

"And, Morris, you have got a rough thing on me," continued the major.

"How's that?"

"I know I was a fool to sell you the boat at all, and doubly so to sell her for three hundred dol-

lars. Of course I don't mind losing three hundred dollars, including the prize, for that is only so much help in spending my income; but, my dear, I have no taste for being laughed at."

"I haven't laughed at you."

"Only in your sleeve."

"Not even in my sleeve."

"Then you are different from the rest of the world. But I did not allude to you. I shall meet all these swells of yachtmen in the parlors of the nabobs; and I shall be their miserable victim as soon as this transaction is known."

"I have a talent for keeping my own business to myself," replied Morris; "and no one need know what you paid me."

"Does not Captain What's-his-name — the swell in the fast boat — know that he offered you four hundred and fifty dollars for the Basilisk? Will he not infer that I paid you more than that for her?"

"I didn't think of that," added Morris.

"But you can save me from the jeers of those swells if you will."

"I shouldn't care a straw for their jeers. But how can I serve you?" asked the young man, anxious to accommodate his liberal friend.

"You need not say that you have sold the boat. You shall continue to use her just as you have, and I will pay you three dollars a day for your services."

"All right! I will do that," replied Morris, delighted with the proposition.

"You can say that you still own her, and I will not contradict you."

"No; I won't do that. I won't lie about it for the price of the boat."

"O, you are the proprietor of a little hatchet — are you?" sneered the major.

"I mean to tell the truth. I make a business of doing so; and I wouldn't tell a deliberate falsehood for twice the price of the Basilisk."

"You are quite right. Neither would I; for, if there is any person in the world I abominate, it is a liar. Speak the truth, Morris; always speak it, under all circumstances; and never sacrifice it for any pecuniary advantage. If I were going to die the next minute, this would be my last counsel to you. Stick to your principles always and everywhere. I always do. I was only joking when I asked you to tell a lie."

"Not a good joke, Major Walkinback," replied Morris, who had his doubts.

"I only wished to see what you were made of. I know now; and I am willing to bear the obloquy and derision of my foolish trades rather than have you sully your honor by a lie."

"There is no need of a lie. I needn't say anything at all about the matter."

"But when the swell who wishes to buy the Basilisk approaches you again, what can you say?"

"I can say that the boat is not for sale at any price; not even if he should offer me a thousand dollars."

"Not so fast, my dear. If he should offer you that, sell her, and I will divide the profit with you, after deducting my loss in the trade."

"I think there is no danger of his offering over five hundred."

"I don't know. When a swell like him, with plenty of greenbacks, gets an idea into his head, he is very apt to go to extremes," added the major, as the skipper threw the Basilisk up into the wind, a short distance from the island.

Marshall had been asleep in the cuddy, and heard none of this conversation. The major decided that he should not know the boat had been sold. The anchor was thrown overboard, Mar-

shall was called, and Morris pulled his passengers to the shore.

"We are out of provisions, Morris, and you must come over again to-night," said the major. "Marshall shall go over to the city with you."

"Won't you go, too?" asked Morris.

"No. I want to finish the oven to-day. You can bring Marshall back this evening, with the provisions, and we will call it a day. By the way, I owe you now for four days in the Basilisk; and I may as well pay you now as at any other time."

"Never mind that, Major. You lost on the boat, and I won't count the days I have sailed you in her."

"Morris, you are a young man of good principles," said the major, impressively. "I have already advised you never to tell a lie under any circumstances. Let me add one more precept, which I hope you will make one of the rules of your life. Be honest; and the virtue of honesty includes the payment of all just debts. I pay my debts, and abide by my contracts at whatever loss." And the faithful Mentor enforced the precept by handing the boatman twenty dollars.

"Thank you. I will take this, if you insist."

"I insist."

When he had instructed his fellow-campist what rovisions and stores he was to purchase, Marshall mbarked with Morris, and in about an hour they anded in the city, where they separated.

Morris had six hundred dollars in his pocket, esides the twenty dollars the campist had paid im, and a considerable sum he had before. He vas a careful young man, and he did not like to ave so much money about him. He might lose t, or it might tempt some one to rob him; and he valked directly to the deacon's house, intent upon etting rid of the larger portion of it by meeting he demand which Mattie had made upon him. He found her in her rocking-chair, as usual; but Mrs. Hollinghead was present, and he could not pen the business upon which he had come while he was in the room.

"Have you seen anything of Marshall, Morris?" sked the deacon's wife. "He hasn't been in the ouse but once for a week."

"He sailed with me in the Basilisk to-day; and just brought him over from the island, where he is camping out."

"Camping out!" exclaimed the good lad
"He ought to go to work. He is a terrible tri
to his father. Who is that fellow with him?"

"Major Walkinback."

"Well, whoever he is, I don't believe he is a
better than he should be."

"I'm afraid not; and that is probably the ca
with most of us. But there is Marshall," add
Morris. "He has just gone into his father
shop."

"I must go and see him, and talk to him; thou
he don't mind nothing that I say," continued Mr
Hollinghead, as she threw her apron over her hea
and left the house, to confront the reckless a
improvident son.

"I have got the money for you, Mattie," sa
Morris, as soon as the door was closed behind th
mother.

"How good you are! But I am afraid you wi
never get it back again."

"No matter if I don't. I shall be just as we
satisfied," laughed Morris, happy as he could b
because, as he believed, he was permitted to he
the family, even by stealth.

"I wish I could tell you what I am going to d
with it," said she.

I don't care; and I don't want you to tell me."
I have been thinking about it all the time
e you were here. I want to tell you, for I
l your advice. Besides, it is dreadful for me
ve any secret from father and mother, or from
Morris. I ought to tell you; but I can't. If
ould, something terrible would happen."
Don't say another word about it, Mattie,"
ested Morris, as he took the five hundred dol-
ill from his wallet, and unfolded it.
s he did so, he was reminded of "poor Bill
in;" but he handed the note to his cousin.
O, dear me! It makes me tremble to take
she replied, as she glanced at the figures upon
"Somebody has written all over it. But I
put it away where mother will not see it. It
ally awful, Morris, to keep anything from
' said she, as she put the bill into her bosom.
t is all for the best," he replied. And he
d with her about other things for half an
, until Mrs. Hollinghead returned, and then
ft.

CHAPTER XII.

DEACON HOLLINGHEAD AND SON.

AS Morris passed the shop, after he left t deacon's house, he saw that Marshall and h father were having a pretty warm discussion abo something. The shoemaker was, evidently, earnest, for his tones were severe, and he spo louder than usual. But Morris did not stay ascertain the subject of the interview, though supposed that the deacon was giving the you man a lesson on the sin of idleness and dissip tion. Perhaps the reader has more curiosity th he had, or less scruples about prying into t family troubles of the shoemaker; and, while th skipper of the Basilisk is reading a long account the robbery of the Pinchport Bank, in the "Age, to which, like a moral young man, he was a su scriber, we will look into the shop of the deaco

Marshall sat on the spare bench, toying wi

it of tools, while his father laid down the
o him. The young man seemed to be more
ble than usual when the cobbler lectured him
s sinful ways. He appeared to be penitent,
ooked as though he were ashamed of himself,
certainly ought to have been, for he was not
a burden, but a disgrace to his father. Ordi-
, Marshall was not so open to conviction as
emed to be on the present occasion, but was
dent and disrespectful to the old man, pertly
ing to every charge made against him. Now
ng his head, and appeared to be penitent.
ore a hang-dog look, as though he had been
ng his neighbor's sheep. And the deacon
nore severe than usual, possibly because his
ore his reproaches more meekly.

t's a shame, Marshall, for a boy to live as
lo," said Deacon Hollinghead. "You spend
time in drinking, gambling, and hanging
d saloons. You haven't done a stroke of
since the first of April, when Larkin dis-
ed you. Now you are idling away your
camping out."

can't get anything to do," replied Marshall.
ou don't try to get anything. Can you

afford to spend your time doing nothing over o that island?"

"If I had anything else to do, I shouldn't b there. I don't think I'm half as bad as you tr to make me out."

"Don't you drink liquor?" demanded the de con, pausing in his work for a single instant t bestow a stern gaze upon the culprit.

"Sometimes I take a little, but not enough t hurt me."

"A single drop is enough to hurt you!" adde the old man, with a blow of the hammer upo the sole of the shoe he was mending, which drov the peg in out of sight. "The fact that a bo drinks at all is enough to ruin his reputation and no decent man will employ him."

"I am willing to stop drinking," answere Marshall, with apparent meekness.

"Stop it at once, or you will be a drunkar before you know it."

"No danger of that."

"Yes, there is danger of it. No man is saf that takes a single drop of liquor, or beer, either Folks say you gamble, too."

"That's a mistake, father; I'm not a gambler

ay take a chance or two in a turkey-raffle, or
shooting-match."

t's all the same. Raffling is gambling just
uch as playing cards for money. But I was
you had been seen shaking props in a saloon
noney."

I haven't done any such thing lately; and I
not be likely to do it again," answered Mar-
, nervously playing with a sharp awl till he
ked his fingers so that the blood ran.

I hope you won't, for all these things lead to
in this world, and in the next," added the
on, more gently, but very solemnly. "You
already made a bad reputation, and I don't
ve you can find another place in a store in the
People won't trust a young man who drinks
gambles; and I don't blame them, either."

I'm going to try to do better."

If you turn over a new leaf, I have no doubt
can redeem your character; but you can't do
fooling with Satan. You must keep away
him, and get him behind you, Marshall.
should never enter a drinking saloon. It's
se to fasten the door with a boiled carrot."

t this point, Mrs. Hollinghead entered the

shop, and for half an hour both father and mother talked to the wayward son, who seemed to be in a better frame of mind than he had been for a long time; and his parents felt that the opportunity ought to be improved. Mrs. Hollinghead went into the house to get supper, when she felt that she had said all the occasion required of her; but the deacon had not yet exhausted the subject. He was in the habit of exhorting in the conference meetings, and he was quite at home on the topics which the dissolute life of his son suggested; and he treated them from the social, moral, and religious point of view. Before he had reached the financial treatment of the case, which was of the most pressing importance at the time, his wife rang the bell for tea. The deacon washed his face and hands in an iron skillet in the shop, and went into the house, followed by Marshall.

Hardly anything was said at the table, after the deacon had invoked a blessing upon the food, for neither the father nor the mother liked to worry Mattie by discussing the misconduct of her brother. They little suspected the existence of the heavy secret which burdened the very being of the poor girl at that moment.

"I want to see you again before you go, Marshall," said Deacon Hollinghead, as he rose from the table, and went back to the shop to continue his work.

Mrs. Hollinghead cleared the table, and carried the dishes into the back room to wash them.

"O, Marshall!" exclaimed Mattie, as soon as her mother had left the room, "I hope I haven't done anything very wrong."

"Why, Mattie, what's the matter?" asked Marshall, rather startled by her manner.

"I have that money you wanted."

"Have you, indeed? Well, I am glad of it, for I didn't like the idea of being driven away from home, or sent to the state prison."

"It is terrible, Marshall! I have worried so about it that I am almost sick," added the poor girl.

"There is nothing to worry about now, Mattie."

"Here is the money," she added; and with a trembling hand she took the five hundred dollar bill from her bosom, and gave it to him, as glad to get rid of it as though it had been infected with the pestilence.

Marshall hastily took the bill, and placed it in his pocket-book. He saw the figures upon it, but nothing more, for he was in a hurry to get it out of sight.

"Did you get it out of Morris?" he asked, in a low tone.

"Yes; and Morris is a dear, good fellow! He didn't ask me to tell him what I wanted it for."

"He is a regular miser!" added the brother.

"No, he isn't, Marshall. Would he have given me all that money, if he had been a miser?" replied the sister.

"I didn't mean that; only, that he saves his money."

"He does save his money, but only to do good with it. He told me he had enough in the Savings Bank to let me have all that. I hope you will get rid of it just as soon as you can, for I don't know what father would say if he knew what I have done," said Mattie, wiping the tears from her sunken eyes and pale cheek.

"He wouldn't say anything. He would have done the same thing himself, I hope."

Mattie thought so, too, but before she had time to express herself further on the subject, Mrs.

Hollinghead entered the room, and Marshall went out to the shop. He seated himself on the spare bench again, which seemed to be a literal stool of repentance, if the young man's compunction was sincere. The deacon continued his remarks upon the sin of the son's ways, as a fitting preface to the introduction of his own financial troubles.

"I think you ought to do something to help me, Marshall," said the deacon, coming to the point at last; and this was really the burden of all he had to say at the present time, after fittingly disposing of the social, moral, and religious aspects of his son's wayward conduct.

"I suppose I ought; and I'm going to try to do something."

"I'm poor, Marshall. I can hardly earn enough to support the family decently. I work from four o'clock in the morning, and as long as I can see at night," added the deacon, gloomily. "I trust in the Lord; but it is all I can do to make a living."

"I mean to help you, father," said Marshall, possibly moved by the hardships which the old man uncomplainingly endured.

"You have lived at home all the time since you left school, and never paid me a dollar for your board. It hurts my feelings to say any such thing, but I can't afford to do it any longer. All the money you earned, you spent in your own way."

"Not all of it."

"I never saw any of it. That isn't all, either. I expect to be turned out of house and home," continued the deacon, with a heavy sigh.

"Turned out!" exclaimed Marshall. "What do you mean by that?"

"The mortgage note on the house is due, and Gregg says he must have his money. I scraped together enough to pay the interest the other day, when it was due; but I can't pay the note, no more than I can fly. I can't find any one to take another mortgage on the place. Gregg 's a hard man, and I think he would feel better if he could get the place away from me."

"He is a rascal!" said Marshall, with energy.

"That may be. But the note is due, and he ought to have his money. I can't pay him. Folks say money 's very tight, and worth two per cent. a month; and they don't want to put it

into mortgages at seven per cent. I don't know what I'm going to do. I suppose the place will be put up at auction; but it won't bring much over the mortgage in these hard times, and I shall lose all I have in the world. Perhaps I can hire the house after it is sold; but the rent will be as much as a hundred dollars a year; and I can't afford to pay that. If you could earn five or six dollars a week, it would help me a great deal, Marshall."

"I'll help you, father."

"I've heard you say that before; but you've never given me a dollar for your board, and I've had to clothe you some of the time. You spent all you got, when you worked, in folly and vanity."

"No, I didn't, father," protested Marshall.

The shoemaker suspended his work, and looked at his son, for he thought he was not speaking the truth.

"I saved nearly all I earned," added Marshall. "I didn't have to pay any board, and I had eight dollars a week part of the time when I was at work."

"But you spent it for liquor and fast horses."

"I never spent three dollars in all my life for liquor, and I never hired a horse but twice. Fellows that had more money than I had used to ask me to ride."

"It was just as bad for your soul as though you had paid for such dissipation yourself," added the deacon.

"But we were talking about spending money, and not about souls," said Marshall, with a return of some of his usual impudence. "I earned over four hundred dollars last year, and I didn't spend more than one hundred. I'm not such a reprobate as you try to make it out that I am."

"I don't want to make it out any worse than it is, the Lord knows, for it's bad enough. If you didn't spend the money, what have you done with it?" asked the deacon, so interested in the conversation that he actually suspended his work, which he rarely did, even for an instant, when he was talking with visitors and others.

"Well, I didn't spend it. Do you remember when I left the High School, father?"

"Of course I do."

"Do you know what I wanted to do then?" asked Marshall.

"You wanted to go to California."

"That's so; and if I had gone, I should have been better off than I am to-day."

"Perhaps not. You wanted to go with Jones; and he was a wild fellow."

"Wild as he was, he has a salary of twelve hundred dollars a year in a clothing store; and he is only one year older than I am. I should have been getting a thousand, at least, if I had gone."

"And you might have been a drunkard and a gambler. I didn't want you to go with such a fellow as Jones was."

"Jones was well enough."

"It is no use to talk about that now. I hadn't the money to pay your fare to California, even if I had been willing to have you go with Jones. It was out of the question."

"I know it was, and I don't find any fault with you. But I was bent on going to California. I meant to go, and I saved my money for that purpose."

"Are you telling the truth, Marshall?" asked the deacon, wondering if it were possible that he had so widely mistaken the character of his son.

But then, Morris had astonished him a few days before by offering to advance him the money to pay off the mortgage on the house, though his nephew had the reputation of being a prudent young man, while Marshall was known as a dissipated fellow.

"Of course I am telling the truth. All I wanted was to get to California, for I believed I could make my fortune there; and I believe so now. But I wasn't going out there to starve, if I didn't get a good place at once; so I intended to raise six hundred dollars before I started. I should have had that sum in three or four months more, if I hadn't lost my place. But the game is all up now."

"All up?" queried the amazed deacon.

"Of course I'm not going off to leave you in trouble, or let the house be sold over your head."

For a moment, the father seemed to feel that there was hope for Marshall; but, on second thought, he had not much confidence in him.

"How much have you saved, Marshall?" asked the deacon.

"I had five hundred and twenty-eight dollars on the first of April, when I lost my situation;

ut I have spent the twenty-eight dollars since
hat time."

"Do you mean to tell me that you have five
undred dollars, Marshall?" gasped the deacon.

"That's what I mean to say," replied the son,
icking up a piece of chalk, with which he began
figure on a cutting-board that lay on the bench.

"I can't believe it, Marshall," protested the
eacon.

"I shall prove it before I get through," replied
e young man, absorbed in his figuring.

He had multiplied fifty-two by three, and that
roduct by three again.

"But where is the money?"

"In my pocket."

"Do you carry so much about you?"

"Just now I do; and I have it all in one bill."

"Why, Marshall!" exclaimed the incredulous
ther.

"I didn't want you to know anything about
father; so I had to keep shady," laughed
arshall, looking up from the board on which he
d been revising the figures he had made. "I
ht two hundred dollars to Parkins, a year ago,
d he paid me just before he died. All the

rest of it I kept by me, hidden in my chamber
I took it out the other night when I came up fro
the island, and yesterday I changed it for a fi
hundred dollar bill. I came home now, to put
away in my room.".

"I don't understand it."

"I told you that I saved three hundred dolla
the last year I was at work," added Marshall.

"I think you might easily have done it,
you paid no board."

"I did do it," persisted Marshall. "And
saved a hundred dollars in each of the first tw
years I was at work. That makes five hundre
don't it?"

"Yes; I say it was easy enough to do it; b
I used to talk to you a great deal about spendi
your earnings foolishly. It seems to me I oug
to have known something about it."

"Now, father, how much board ought I to ha
paid?"

"The price of common board is five dollars
week; but I shouldn't think of charging you mo
than three," replied the deacon.

"At three dollars a week, my board for thr
years would come to four hundred and sixty-eig

ars," continued the son, exhibiting the fig-
on the board. "I will pay up now."
arshall took the five hundred dollar bill from
ocket-book, and laid it upon the shoe in the
on's lap. The father picked it up, turned it
, and examined it very carefully. It looked
a genuine bill, and he did not doubt that it
such. He observed the pencil-marks upon
nd asked who "Bill Griffin" was. But Mar-
had been asleep in the cuddy when his fel-
campist told the affecting story of "poor Bill
in," and he knew nothing at all about the
e on the bill.
will let the other thirty-two dollars go to
t the money you paid for my clothes. I
t to have bought them myself, for I had
y enough, only I was in a great hurry then,
t to California," said Marshall, rising from
ench. "I hope you are satisfied, father."
say that Deacon Hollinghead was satisfied
d have been a libel on his understanding.
was not satisfied. He was afraid his son
been doing something wrong, he could hardly
ine what. The young man had told a straight
, so far as his father could judge. Certainly,

the boy had said a great deal about going to ifornia three years before; and the deacon not point to any discrepancies in his explana The money itself, confirmed the story, and h heard of no one in the city who had lost so a sum. The news of the robbery of the P port Bank had come to him in the morning he did not even think of that in this conne

"I am satisfied, Marshall, so far as the and clothes are concerned, but not exactly sat with your story about the money," said the f

"Well, I don't know that I can help it i are not satisfied. I have told you all abo I had to keep the matter all to myself, for afraid you would take the money away fro if you found out what I was doing."

"I hope it is all right, Marshall."

"Of course it is all right," protested the y man, vigorously.

"If you came honestly by the money, Mar you have behaved very handsomely toward and removed a heavy burden from my mind."

"Do you think I stole the money, father? manded the young man, with a good show dignation.

hope not. But this is a large sum for a like you to have.''

A boy! I am nineteen years old.''

That's a boy,'' added the deacon, who was d-fashioned man.

Boy or not, I have explained the whole thing. st go now,'' added Marshall.

Where are you going?''

Back to the island.''

Why can't you stay at home, and not spend Sabbath in such a sinful way?''

Major Walkinback expects me, and I must go with provisions, or he will have nothing to o-morrow.''

e campist departed. The deacon had placed ve hundred dollar bill in his black wallet, resumed his labor. The money was a god- to him. He had prayed for relief from his lly trouble, and he tried to regard this money e answer to his prayer. When he could no r see to work, he locked the shop, and went the house. He sat down by the window in fading twilight, and related to his wife and hter what had just passed in the shop. He

produced the bill, and Mrs. Hollinghead loo
at it as well as she could in the dim light.

"I have my doubts about the matter, for M
shall has not always been a good boy," said
deacon. "I hope he came honestly by
money."

"O, father!" almost screamed Mattie,
alone of the trio knew that her brother had c
honestly by the money, though she could
think why he had given it to his father ins
of the man in Pinchport whom he had woun
and who threatened to send him to the
prison for the deed.

"What's the matter, child?" said her mo
hastening to her.

Poor Mattie had fainted from the violen
her emotions.

CHAPTER XIII.

SOMETHING ABOUT THE ROBBERY.

MORRIS was very much interested in the account of the bank robbery contained in the ge." The reporter had evidently been faithful his mission, and had given not only all the wn facts, but also all the rumors and suppo- ons; though, unlike many reporters, he had fully discriminated between things known and gs guessed at. Of the former, the principal ns were, that the bank had been entered by a dow; that the iron door of the vault had been ed open with burglars' tools, including pow- that over fifteen thousand dollars, contained he cashier's drawer, had been taken; and that uch greater sum, with a large amount of ds, deposited in a small safe within the vault, untouched, because the robbers for the want me, or for some other reason, were unable to k the lock.

These were the substantial facts of the robber
The rumors, theories, and suppositions filled h
a column of the paper. A man, hurrying to t
village at half past three o'clock on Saturd
morning, for a doctor, had met a carry-all wh
contained three men. The vehicle was dra
by two horses, driven at a rapid rate. Peo
generally thought that these three men were
robbers; indeed, nobody doubted the stateme
A wakeful lady, residing in the vicinity of
bank, had heard an explosion at two o'clock
the morning. A watch-dog had barked violen
at half past twelve, but had suddenly ceased,
the owner had missed the animal in the morni
since which time nothing had been seen of hi

Proprietors of bonds deposited in the safe wit
the vault were jubilant because their riches
not taken to themselves wings. Even the direct
of the bank were happy because the institution
lost such a trifling amount compared with what
contained in the small safe; and they tri
phantly indicated that their own wisdom
forethought in providing an interior strong
had saved the thirty thousand dollars, or the
bouts, which it had contained. People gener

elieved that the directors had fooled the rob-
ers, and enjoyed the supposed discomfiture of
e villains in obtaining only the paltry sum of
teen thousand, when ten times this amount, in
lls and bonds, had eluded their grasp. The
rglars' implements had been applied to the
or of the small safe, which had no keyhole for
e admission of powder. The robbers were skilful
their craft, as the work they had done on the
or of the vault proved. The operation of cut-
g out a circular piece of the door of the small
e had been commenced, and some progress
de; but whether the lateness of the hour or
ne alarm had prevented its completion, was not
own.

If, as everybody believed, the carry-all seen at
f past three on Saturday morning contained
robbers, it was plain enough that the greater
asure of the bank and the bond-holders had
n spared for the want of time to open the safe
r. The date was the twentieth of June, one
the longest days of the year, and the sun rose
about twenty minutes past four o'clock; so
t the robbers had not abandoned the work till
first gleams of daylight were visible in the

east. It was a slow job to cut through the iron door, and people laughed as they declared that it must have been a terrible sacrifice to the rogues to leave the bank when they were so near the fruition of their hopes. The rich men of Pinchport — and there were many such in the village — were really very jovial, for several of them had from five to twenty thousand dollars in bonds in the safe. The loss might deprive them of their next dividend on the bank stock they owned in the institution; but they felt that they could afford to laugh at what they jocularly termed, "the misfortune of the robbers."

Morris was very glad to read in the paper that the funds of the Savings Bank, in whose financial prosperity he was interested, had not been touched. After supper, he went down to the landing-place, where his cousin soon joined him, and they embarked in the Basilisk for the island. Marshall placed his basket of provisions in the cuddy, and seated himself in the forward part of the boat. He appeared to be nervous and uneasy, as he had been all day.

"Did you see anything of any bank robbers over by the island last night?" asked Morris, after the boat was under way.

"Any what?" asked Marshall.

"Any bank robbers."

"I don't know what you mean," replied Marshall, as he stretched himself out at full length on one of the seats.

"The Pinchport Bank was robbed last night."

"Who robbed it?" inquired Marshall; and he did not seem to be much interested in the news.

"That is not known yet; but the chances of catching the robbers are pretty good," added Morris.

"Is that so?" said Marshall, nervously, changing his position.

"It seems to me they are pretty sure of being caught."

"Why so?"

"A man going after the doctor at half past three this morning met three men in a carry-all, with two horses, driving out of the village at a furious rate. People are satisfied these men were the robbers."

"Are they?"

"So the paper says. If this is so, the carry-all can be traced, for the men couldn't have gone

five miles farther before a good many folks were up, and they were certain to be seen."

"Are you sure those were the ones?" asked Marshall.

"I am not sure. I don't know anything about it, except what I read in the paper," answered Morris; "but it appears to me that those were the men. If I were one of them, I wouldn't give sixpence for my chance."

"It does look bad for them," mused Marshall.

"They didn't make a great haul, either," continued Morris.

"How much did they get?"

"Only about fifteen thousand. They hadn't the time to open the safe in the vault which contained about a hundred and fifty thousand in bills and bonds. The paper says the rich men of Pinchport are feeling very good on account of the failure of the robbers to get this big haul."

"They ought to feel good," said Marshall, with a sickly grin.

Morris continued to narrate the particulars of the robbery, as he had read them in the "Age," and his cousin nervously listened to him, asking a

question occasionally, until the Basilisk reached the island.

As it was still early, the skipper decided to walk up to the camp and see the oven, which the major had probably completed by this time. Morris was interested in the science of cookery, and he had some curiosity to ascertain the nature of the baking process which the Prussian soldiers used. On his arrival at the tent, he found the major asleep therein. Without disturbing him, he walked around the tent where the hole for the oven had been dug. To his surprise, he was unable to find the place, and the hole had evidently been filled up. There was no appearance whatever that any hole had been dug. The spot where he had seen the major at work was on the slope of a knoll, where the soil was a sandy loam, with no sod upon it. Marshall followed him very closely, and seemed to watch his movements with interest.

"What are you looking for, Morris?" asked his cousin.

"Where's the oven?"

"What oven?"

"The oven the major was building here."

"O, we gave it up!" exclaimed Marshall, with a smile of intelligence. "We couldn't make it work."

"Did you finish it?"

"No; it was too much work, and we got tired of it."

Perhaps the sound of their voices awoke the major, or his nap was finished; at any rate, he came out of the tent, and walked towards them.

"Morris was looking for the oven," said Marshall. "I told him we gave it up. It was too much work to build it, and we got tired of it."

"Exactly so, Morris," replied Major Walkinback. "We were tired of the job. But that was not the principal reason. I don't think we shall stay here much longer; and it wouldn't pay to build an oven for a few days' use," added the major, looking earnestly into the face of the visitor.

"Tired of camping out — are you?" laughed Morris. "Well, I don't wonder at it. I don't see how you have been able to stand it as long as you have."

"I am not tired of camping out, but only tired of this place. You were quite right, Morris,

hen you said we could not find a worse place. y experience has proved that your remark was very just and correct one."

"Of course it was. I should think that any e who had a taste for camping out would know at this was no place for it."

"It is hot here, and there are too many mositos and sand flies. I shall fold my tent, and al away. I am rather changeable, Morris, and have about concluded to go on another cruise wn the east side of the bay."

"That's sensible."

"But I want you to go with us."

"I can't do it," replied Morris, promptly.

"I enjoy your society; and I desire it very ch."

"It is utterly impossible."

"Why so?"

"Because I can't leave school."

"Never mind the school. I will be your r."

"I wouldn't leave school now, on any account. ant to graduate, and I can't do it if I don't ain till the end of the year."

Morris was very decided, because he would

not leave school, and quite as much because he did not care to be in company with such a man as the major, for any considerable length of time.

He was tired of listening to his long stories about the kings, princes, and nobles of the old world; and he did not admire the man's character.

"But you will let me have the Basilisk — won't you?" added the major, with a wink, which was intended to imply that Marshall was still in the dark in regard to the ownership of the boat.

"Yes; you can have her as long as you want her," replied Morris. But an instant later, he was sorry he had even said as much as this to deceive his cousin.

"I think we will start about Monday afternoon," continued Major Walkinback. "When we come to any pleasant place, we shall camp for two or three days, or a week."

"Then you don't want the boat?"

"Not all the time."

"I know a very pleasant place to camp out, on Long Island, near Sabbath-Day Harbor. It is opposite Seal Harbor, and it is only a very short

stance across the land at the point. I will sail
u down there Monday afternoon."

"A capital idea, Morris!" exclaimed the major,
lighted with the proposition. "I will do that,
d you can return to the city in the Basilisk.
two or three days you will come to see us
ain."

"If you want to change your camp again, I will
ve you down to Bounty Cove."

"All right, Morris; we will consider the
angement made."

"Very well. But if you want to keep the
silisk, I will ask Joe Guilford to sail down that
y, and bring me back in the Phantom."

"I don't think we want the boat,—do we,
rshall?" added the major.

"No; she would only be a nuisance to us,"
swered Marshall.

"I never care about sailing when I am in
np," continued the major. "You shall return
the Basilisk."

"Just as you please, you know."

"On the whole, I prefer not to have the care
the boat. But we shall want a lot of provi-
ns, Morris; and I think you had better bring

them along when you come over on Monday. I was thinking of the matter this afternoon, and made out a list of what we need. I don't know that I finished it, for I fell asleep when I was thinking of the matter," continued the major, as he handed the paper to the skipper, who proceeded to examine it.

"One bushel of potatoes!" exclaimed he. "Are you going to stay out all summer?"

"Very likely we shall."

"One boiled ham; two beef tongues, twenty pounds of hard tack! Why, you have feed enough to last ten men a month. Ten pounds of salt pork!"

"I always like to have grub enough on hand. We may land on some lonely island, and stay there a month."

"Very well. I will take these things down about Wednesday or Thursday to your new camp."

"No, bring them over here on Monday," said Major Walkinback.

"Then you will have to unload them at Sabbath-Day Harbor, and put them on board again, when you move — if some of the stuff don't spoil

re you can use it. You have enough for a
n."

Indulge me, if you please, Morris," said the
r, rather imperiously.

Certainly; I will do just what you say. It's
funeral, and you may have it just as you
" replied the skipper.

Here is a fifty-dollar bill, with which you
pay for the grub."

I can buy the things; I have money enough;
you can pay me when I deliver them."

Indulge me again."

orris took the bill, and deposited it in his
et. The major added several other items to
list; and it was evident that the campists did
ntend to return to the city, or go to any town,
long time. The business was all arranged,
the skipper was ready to depart.

By the way, Morris, are there any rocks about
place you mention?" said the major.

Plenty of them. And that reminds me that
have never shown me those stone-cracking
in the box," replied Morris.

I have not; but the box is closed up, and it
d take me an hour to open it. If you will

indulge me till Monday, when we meet, I will show them to you then."

As the skipper did not care to remain an hour, or even half that time, he preferred to wait till Monday; and, bidding the campists adieu, he walked down to the Basilisk. He could not imagine why the major wished to take such a large supply of provisions on Monday, as he was to visit them again in two or three days. He was rather surprised at the sudden change in the views of Major Walkinback, who had insisted, only the day before, that his camp suited him, in every respect. But the chief campist was a strange man, and it was useless to ask why he did anything. It was after nine o'clock when Morris landed in the city, and went up to his boarding-house.

"I was wondering what had become of you, Mr. Morris," said Mrs. De Canter, as he entered. "I wanted to see you very much."

"I have just come from the island," replied the skipper. "The wind was light, and I am late."

"Mrs. Redford is going to have a few friends at her house on Monday evening. You are in-

ed, and so is your friend, Major Walkin-
k," added the landlady. "She is very anxious
t the major should be present."

'But not at all anxious that I should be,"
ghed Morris.

'Of course she desires your presence very
ch."

'I can't go, neither can the major."

'That's too bad. It's only a litle *sawry* — not
arty."

'I am to take the major to a new camp, down
Sabbath-Day Harbor, on Monday afternoon."

'Perhaps he will defer it till the next day."

'Perhaps he will; but I don't think so. I will
him about it on Monday, when I see him,"
led Morris, as he moved towards the stairs,
he was afraid the landlady would open upon
in regard to her deceased husband, as she did
every possible occasion.

'Have you heard the news, Mr. Morris?" con-
ued Mrs. De Canter.

'What news? The Pinchport Bank robbery?"

'O, no. Something nearer home than that."

'What is it?" demanded the boarder, not with-
a fear that the landlady intended to entrap

him into listening to a long story about the late Mr. De Canter.

"I think you couldn't guess, Mr. Morris."

"I think I shall not try," added Morris, moving up the steps.

"Stop a moment. It is good news. I always used to make my poor husband guess when I had any good news to tell. But haven't you heard it?"

"I have just come from the island, and haven't heard anything. I will hear it to-morrow, or Monday, as you do not seem anxious to tell it, and I am tired to-night."

"But I will tell you, if you will only stop a moment. It is about your uncle, Deacon Hollinghead."

"What about him?" asked Morris, with interest.

"He is in luck," answered the landlady, with a cheerful smile.

"I am glad of that," said Morris, coming down the steps into the hall.

"Only think of it! The deacon will be rich! Mr. De Cantay lived in the hope that a fortune would come to him from a relative in France;

he died in the hope, also, for he never got ent. He used to say that he had been deprived his rights; and if he had what belonged to n, he could hold his head up as high as any n man in Belfast. But it is not always those o deserve good fortune that get it, Mr. Morris. or Mr. De Cantay deserved it, if any man did, he was as patient under all his misfortunes as ugh he had been an angel.''

The current rumor was, that the late Mr. De ter had been altogether too patient, and that if had been less patient and more enterprising and ustrious, he need not have died in poverty.

'You were speaking of my uncle, Deacon Hol-ghead,'' suggested Morris.

'I was speaking of Mr. De Cantay, last. But 't it strange that my poor husband was always ecting something, but never got it, while acon Hollinghead never expected anything, but got it now?''

'Very strange indeed. But what has the dea- got?''

'Why, a fortune, to be sure.''

'How much of a fortune — five hundred dol- ?'' added Morris, incredulously, for he could

think of no one who had any money to leave t his uncle.

"I don't know just how much; but I hear somebody say he would be as rich as your father The case was decided in Washington to-day, an the news came by telegraph just after supper."

"What case?"

"Something about the patent; I don't kno just what. Your uncle has had a case in court fo years and years, and it was settled to-day."

"Uncle Sam used to have a partner, and mad a certain kind of soap under a patent; but h failed in the business, and lost all he had."

"But the patent belonged to your uncle an his partner. There was a lawsuit about it, an now he has got his case. It was about soap I know, for I used to use that kind of soa myself."

"I don't know much about it; but my uncl gave up all hope that he should gain the suit years ago," added Morris.

"I knew all about it in the time of it; but have almost forgotten now. Another firm mad the same kind of soap, and made it cheaper an better than your uncle. That's what failed him

But the other concern infringed the patent which was owned by your uncle and his partner.''

''He can't get a fortune out of his soap patent,'' said Morris.

''I don't know how much he will get; but I heard somebody say the deacon would be a rich man,'' persisted Mrs. De Canter.

''I'm sure I hope he will be,'' added the young man, putting on his hat. ''I'm going over to see what the matter is.''

Morris walked as fast as he could till he reached his uncle's house. He hardly expected to find the deacon up at that hour, for he generally retired soon after dark in summer. But there was a light in the kitchen. He knocked, and was admitted by Mrs. Hollinghead. The deacon was seated at the table, with the Bible and other books before him, preparing for the duty of teaching his class in the Sunday School the next day. He did not look or act as though he had suddenly received an accession of fortune.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE BILL GRIFFIN BILL.

"GOOD-EVENING, Morris," said Deacon Hollinghead, when his nephew entered the kitchen. "You make rather late calls."

"Good-evening, uncle. This isn't late," replied the young man.

"Not for fashionable people. But I am generally abed an hour before this time; and I should have been to-night if something had not prevented me from attending to my Sunday School lesson before," added the deacon, calmly.

"I hear that you have suddenly become a rich man, Uncle Samuel," continued Morris, in a lively tone; "and I couldn't go to sleep without coming over to congratulate you."

"I received a despatch from Washington this afternoon, sent on by Blake, my old partner in the patent soap business, in which he said the suit

ıad been decided in our favor, and that we are ntitled to royalty on all the soap the Merwin Company has manufactured during the last seven ears."

"Then it is all true."

"It is, Morris," answered the deacon, apparntly unmoved. "The Lord has been very good me. I am a poor sinner, trying to live up to ıe light that is in me. I did pray to be saved om the pangs of poverty, if the Lord saw fit; ıt I didn't ask for wealth, for I know the deceitlness of riches. The Lord has done more for e than I deserve; and I only hope that this ange of fortune will not quench the Spirit. I y to be humble, and not to think of it."

"I don't think there is any danger of you, ncle Samuel. You will always be a good man, hether you are rich or poor. You can't very ll help it."

"Prosperity is more dangerous than adversity; d we are more likely to backslide when fortune vors us, than when we are in sorrow and trouble. m praying and striving not to think more highly myself than I ought to think, and not to let tan lure me away by the golden bait of wealth."

"There can be no mistake about this news, I suppose," added Morris.

"I knew that Blake was in Washington attending to the case; and the despatches are from him. I had one only two hours ago, offering me fifty thousand dollars for all my rights."

"I hope you won't take it, Uncle Samuel," said his nephew, who had the general opinion of the deacon's lack of business ability, and was afraid he would sell for fifty thousand what was worth a hundred; for the sum he was offered was large enough to dazzle and delude one whose wants were so modest.

"I didn't answer the despatch," replied the deacon. "I don't know what to do. I am bewildered, and am trying to banish the whole subject from my mind, at least, till Monday morning. I hope the Lord will forgive me if my thoughts wander from the holy duties of the Sabbath."

"I don't see how there should be such a pile of money in a soap patent."

"Nor I; but it is so. Blake bought the patent of a German chemist for a small sum. He made some of the soap, and it was pronounced the best article in the market. But he had no money to

carry on the business of manufacturing it. I went in with him, and furnished all the capital, and he assigned to me one-half of his right in the patent. We did very well for a time, and made money, till the Merwins began to make a soap just like it. They had more money and better facilities for making the soap than we had. No doubt they made it better and cheaper than we could; but they had used our process. We sued them for the infringement; but they had more money than we had, and we could not get justice. The case went from one court to another for three years, and it has been hanging fire for two or three years more in Washington, waiting the decision of the highest court. Blake has beset me twenty times for money to help carry on the suit; but I had not a dollar to spare. I suppose there will be heavy expenses to pay out of what we get."

"I think you can afford to pay them."

"I don't know what to do. But Squire Walker has come to the city on a visit from the west, and I shall talk it all over with him on Monday."

"Who is Squire Walker?"

"He is an old friend of our family. He settled my father's estate, and was his executor under the

will. I have been trying to find him for years, for I want him to talk with your father about our troubles. He knows just how matters stood between your grandfather and me."

"I hope he will be able to set things right," added Morris, earnestly.

"I hope so; and I pray to the Lord that he will soften the heart of your father towards me."

"I wouldn't take up with Blake's proposition, anyhow; for he wouldn't offer you fifty thousand dollars if your rights were not worth a great deal more than that."

"Blake will be here himself by Tuesday, for he had just as lief travel on Sunday as any other day," added the deacon, shaking his head, as he thought of the wickedness of his late partner. "But I don't want to think of this thing at all till Monday morning. I shall watch and pray to banish it from my mind, while I thank the Lord for all his goodness towards me. I have no doubt my poverty and misfortunes have done me a great deal of good, and I thank the Lord for the tribulation he has sent upon me."

Morris regarded this speech as a hint for him to go; and he went. He was quite as happy as the

leacon himself, and was sincerely rejoiced at the rosperity which had so suddenly dawned upon im, though he was really sorry to think that he hould not have the pleasure, at some future day, f pouring his riches into the lap of poor Mattie, or whom he had saved them. Yet he had already ontributed five hundred dollars to discharge the ortgage upon the house, and the satisfaction of is good deed could not be taken from him, even the money were repaid in a short time.

Deacon Hollinghead continued to study the ible lesson from which his attention had been so any times diverted by the exciting events of the ternoon. He had been terribly exercised by is doubts and fears in regard to the money paid him by Marshall. Perhaps poor Mattie would ve told him all she knew about the five hundred ollar bill if she had not fainted away, for she was eply grieved to have her father think, or even spect, that Marshall had stolen the money, when e knew that he had come honestly by it. She uld not understand why her brother had not plied it to the purpose for which she had pro-red it for him. In her attempts to explain the atter, she had come to the conclusion that Mar-

shall intended to sacrifice himself for the sake o his father, had given him the money to pay off th mortgage, and meant to go to the state prison, o run away. This thought had overcome her, an she fainted.

But her health was very feeble, and it was n an unusual occurrence for her to faint. The dea con bore her tenderly to her little chamber, an laid her upon the bed. Mrs. Hollinghead applie the usual restoratives, and, in half an hour, Matti was, apparently, as well as ever, though h mother insisted that she should retire immed ately for the night. About this time had co the first despatch from Washington, while t deacon was hard at work on his bench. H paused long enough to read it, then laid it on t bench, and went on with his work. He hard believed the news was true, or, if it was true, th he should derive any pecuniary benefit from t decision. Of course, he could not help thinki of it; and, while his thoughts were thus occupie Gregg, his hard creditor, came into the shop, a wanted to know whether he intended to pay t note, or whether he should take possession t next Monday.

The deacon was perplexed and worried. He id not like to use the bill which Marshall had aid to him till he had satisfied himself in regard o the truth of the explanation his son had given or the possession of such a large sum; and he ad so little faith in the news which had just come o him that he did not base a single hope upon it.

"Mr. Gregg, I will give you a final answer on uesday," said the deacon, sadly.

"That won't do, Deacon Hollinghead. The me's out, and the money ought to have been aid a week ago. I don't like to be hard, and haven't driven things," replied the creditor. If I am to take the house, I want it as soon as he law will allow it to be sold. I mean to move nto it myself, if I must take it."

"Can't you give me till Monday to see what I an do?" pleaded the deacon.

"Not another day! You know just as well ow, as you will in a month, what you can do."

"Very well, Mr. Gregg. I shall pay the note n Monday," added the deacon.

"Do you mean so?" demanded the astonished regg.

"I do."

"Then you've been fooling me — have you?"

"Certainly not."

"Have you got the money?" asked Gregg angrily.

Another might have equivocated; the deacon could not.

"I have," he replied.

"And you ask me to put it off till next Tuesday, when you have the money in your pocket!" exclaimed the creditor. "If you were not a deacon of the church, I should call that lying."

"I have the money; but, for reasons of my own, I do not like to use it," the deacon explained, with a blush on his face.

"O, it is somebody else's money," sneered Gregg. "Perhaps it belongs to the church, or the Missionary Society."

"It does not. I do not feel called upon to explain the reason why I did not wish to use the money. I expect something from another source also."

"You are always expecting, but nothing ever comes," added Gregg.

"Despatch for you, Deacon Hollinghead!" said a telegraph boy, rushing into the shop. "Ha

; seven by the clock. Please to receipt for

'he deacon took the boy's book, signed his
ıe against the number of the message, and
ed the time of day. Then he opened the en-
pe, and the creditor could not have told
ther the receiver expected to find the news
death or a fortune, so unmoved did the shoe-
er appear. He did open his eyes, however,
e read the contents of the envelope.

Something appears to have come sooner than
pected,'' said the deacon, as he handed the
sage to his relentless creditor.

Creation!'' exclaimed Gregg.

I didn't expect that, or anything like it,''
ed the deacon, calmly, for the despatch con-
ed the offer of fifty thousand dollars for his
ts in the soap patent, and the sum seemed too
e to be real.

Fifty thousand dollars!'' added Gregg.

When I get that, I shall be able to pay you.''

But I can't wait for that,'' said the creditor,
ng the message on the bench.

Then I will pay you to-night, if you will give
a discharge of the mortgage,'' added the

deacon, who felt that, with this magnificent o
before him, it would be safe to use the five h
dred dollar bill; for, if anything was wrong ab
his son, he would soon be able to refund it.

"Monday morning will do," replied Gre
who, perhaps, did not care to keep so much mo
over Sunday.

The creditor was evidently very much dis
pointed at the result of the interview. It
"hard times" just then; money was very ti
and there was a financial panic in Wall Street.
the deacon's little place was sold under
pressure, it would hardly bring more than tw
three hundred dollars over the mortgage, and
shoemaker would be turned "out of house
home," with only this sum left to him, unless
friends came forward to help him, and his p
hardly permitted him to ask them to do this, a
all they had done for him. But the five hund
dollars which Marshall had paid him would s
him from this terrible alternative. He deci
to use the money only after Blake's large offe

Certainly, no one in the church on Sun
would have suspected that Deacon Hollingh
had suddenly risen from poverty to affluence.

nded the service and the Sunday School during day, and in the evening, he prayed and ex- ed with more than his usual unction in the erence meeting. If he did not think of the which had come to him on Saturday night the wires, he was more than human. But he red and prayed to keep the world and "the itfulness of riches" out of his mind during ly time."

s soon as the good deacon had finished his kfast on Monday morning, he left the house, ind his old friend, Squire Walker. It was half past six when he reached the house re the squire was visiting, and he had not risen. The shoemaker was so much in ear- that he insisted upon seeing his old friend, ther he was up or not. But the squire com- nised by promising to be at the deacon's shop ight o'clock; and the early caller returned to home. Everybody he met wanted to talk him about the "windfall," as all called it. man, who had hardly spoken to him before years, wanted to sell him a house fit for a man his property. Another wished him to take e stock in the new railroad. Two others

would like to have him contribute to charit objects. The deacon declared he had no money anything, and thus shook off all his new friend

Promptly upon the time, Squire Walker c to the shop, and was received with a cor greeting. For half an hour the old friends tal of the past. The squire had made his fortun the west; had been so busy for years that he c not come to the east before, and he was rejoi to meet those whom he had known in his you days. The deacon told about his misfortunes his struggles with poverty, but insisted that Lord had always been merciful to him, and he truly grateful for all his spiritual and temp blessings.

"But things have changed with you, Dea I hear that a pile of money has been poure upon you," interposed Mr. Walker.

"Not yet, Squire," replied the shoemaker he produced the two despatches.

"It will come in good time."

"I wanted to see you about this busin Squire. You were always a good and a safe viser, and I would rather follow your coun than those of any other man in the world."

'I shall be very glad to help you all I can, acon. I shall be about here for a month or , and I have nothing to do but to help my nds."

Deacon Hollinghead thanked him from the ths of his heart for his kindness, and then e him all the particulars of his operations in ent soap. The squire advised him not to pt the offer. The soap manufactured by the win Company was used all over the country, had an immense sale. If the deacon desired, would manage his interests for him. This was what the shoemaker desired, and he readily mitted the business to the charge of his nd. When they had reached this conclusion, gg appeared with a discharge of the mort- e. Squire Walker examined the document, when he pronounced it all correct, the deacon luced the five hundred dollar bill, and paid er to Gregg, with the balance of interest due. Bill Griffin," said he, reading the name which penciled in so many different places upon it. ut he did not object to the bill.

he note was given up, and the creditor de- ed. The deacon had promised to have cer-

tain boots and shoes ready at specified times, a he went to work on them, in spite of the exci ment attendant upon his altered fortunes. H religion was for the shop on Monday, as well for the conference meeting on Sunday, and could no more break a promise wilfully than could neglect his morning and evening devotio

In the forenoon came a despatch from Blake Boston, saying he would be in Belfast the ne morning. Squire Walker was with him when arrived; indeed, he spent the whole forenoon wi him, and only left at noon because he was to di with another friend.

Gregg went to one of the banks with the f hundred dollar bill, where he deposited it.

"Bill Griffin!" said the cashier, as he exa ined the bill. "Where did you get this bill, M Gregg?"

"Why, isn't it good?" demanded the depo tor, fearful that there might be something wro about it.

"It is perfectly good. But where did you g it?" replied the cashier, with seeming indiff ence, though the attention of Captain Patterda the president of the bank, who happened to

present, was attracted by the question, and he came to the counter to look at the bill.

"If it isn't all right, I want to know it."

"But it is all right," interposed Captain Patterdale. "The cashier only asked you where you got it."

"Deacon Hollinghead just paid it to me in discharging the mortgage I held on his place," replied Gregg, as he recalled the explanation which the deacon had given for not wishing to pay the note till Monday or Tuesday.

"It's all right, Mr. Gregg," added the president; and the cashier returned his bank-book, with the money placed to his credit in it.

"Why do you ask that question, Captain Patterdale?" inquired the depositor.

"It is of no consequence, so far as you are concerned, Mr. Gregg; but you may hear something about it in a few days."

The president declined to answer any questions, and Gregg departed.

"That's one of them, beyond a doubt," said Captain Patterdale, as he examined the "Bill Griffin" bill.

"Certainly it is," replied the cashier.

The president put the bill into his pocket-book, and left the bank. He went to the house of Mr. Beardsley, a deputy-sheriff, who was rather noted for his skill as a detective. He wished to see this gentleman; but the sheriff was absent, tracing the movements of the carry-all with two horses, in which the robbers of the Pinchport Bank were supposed to have left the village. He might return at noon, and he might not return till night, his wife said. Captain Patterdale left the house, but called again at noon. The officer had not yet returned, and the bank president seemed to be much perplexed. After a little deliberation, he walked to the shop of Deacon Hollinghead. The shoemaker had gone into the house to dinner. The family were just getting up from the table when he was admitted to the kitchen by the door opposite the shop. Mrs. Hollinghead wished to conduct the distinguished gentleman to the parlor; but the captain said he could transact his business just as well in the kitchen, for it would take him but a minute. The deacon could tell him where he got that bill; and that was all he wanted of him.

"You paid off the mortgage on your house this

morning, Deacon Hollinghead?'' the president began.

''Yes; and I was afraid at one time that —''

''You gave Mr. Gregg a five hundred dollar bill — did you not?'' interposed the captain, who did not care to hear a narrative of the shoemaker's troubles.

''I did; yes, sir,'' replied the deacon; and his face flushed as he thought of the painful doubts which had disturbed him when his son paid him so much money.

''I suppose you will not object to telling me where you got that bill,'' continued Captain Patterdale.

The shoemaker hesitated, though he was conscious that he was making a very bad appearance. To say anything was, perhaps, to criminate his son; and, bad as the boy had been, he did not like to involve him in the meshes of the law.

''Do you remember where you got the bill, Deacon Hollinghead?'' asked the president.

''To be sure I do. But will you tell me whether there is anything wrong about it, Captain?'' asked the deacon, now deeply moved.

''I will. That bill was taken from the Pinch-

port Bank when it was robbed last Friday night."

"Merciful Heaven!" groaned the deacon, the cold sweat standing on his brow.

At the same instant, poor Mattie uttered a slight scream, and fainted again.

CHAPTER XV.

BOOKED FOR A LONG CRUISE.

CAPTAIN PATTERDALE realized that the information he had imparted produced a tremendous commotion in the family of the poor shoemaker. The deacon groaned, his wife was nervous, and the daughter had fainted. He could not determine what the matter was. Of course Deacon Hollinghead could not be concerned in the robbery of the Pinchport Bank; and he was at a loss to understand why his announcement had caused such a startling effect. He was a little alarmed himself, too, for he had taken upon himself the work of the detective, and he was afraid he had precipitated a development which might interfere with the sheriff's plans, if he had any, as probably he had. But the captain's humanity was uppermost, and he desired to render whatever assistance he might to poor Mattie. He assisted

her father in bearing her to her chamber. As an old shipmaster, he had some skill in the treatment of the sick. But there was little he could do while Mrs. Hollinghead was present.

Nothing more was said about the "Bill Griffin bill" till the poor girl was restored, and all anxiety for her was removed from the minds of her parents. She recovered even more rapidly than usual, and the excitement of the occasion seemed to give her more than her accustomed strength. She got up herself, asked the deacon to bring her crutches, and insisted upon returning to the kitchen.

"I hope you are better," said Captain Patterdale, who had before left the chamber, as the invalid entered upon her crutches.

"A great deal better, sir. I shall do very well now," replied Mattie.

"Well, Deacon Hollinghead, my business relates wholly to that bill. But, as it seems to be a trying subject, I am sorry to bring it up again," added the bank president.

"Captain Patterdale, the subject is an unpleasant one; but, as I have always lived by the truth, I shall not desert it now," replied the deacon,

struggling to be calm. "I had that bill from my son."

"From your son?" exclaimed the captain.

"Yes, sir. I was afraid there was something wrong about it when he gave it to me; but he declared that it was all right. I told Gregg I didn't like to use that money till Monday or Tuesday, for I wanted to look the matter up a little. But he pressed me so hard, I paid him this forenoon."

"But where did your son get the bill?" inquired the captain, who was unwilling to believe that a young man like the deacon's son possessed the dangerous skill which had been displayed by the robbers of the Pinchport Bank.

"I don't know where he got it. I can only repeat the explanation he gave me," replied the deacon, as he proceeded to relate the story which Marshall had told him; and the bank president was quite as incredulous as the father had been.

Mattie had attempted to speak two or three times; but she was curious to know what Marshall had told his father, and she listened to the story, wondering if her brother had confessed the shooting of Rogers to him. There was not a word

about the affray in the deacon's narrative; and the poor girl was more bewildered than any other person in the room.

"Can it be possible that your son is connected with these bank robbers?" said Captain Patterdale, when the deacon had finished his explanation.

"God help the poor boy, if he is!" exclaimed the unhappy father, wringing his hands.

"No, father, he is not!" cried Mattie, who no longer regarded the injunction of secrecy which her brother had imposed upon her.

"Do you know anything about it, Mattie?" asked the deacon, tenderly. And all eyes were now directed to the poor girl.

"I do, father. Marshall had nothing to do with the bank robbery. He came honestly by the bill," said she, much agitated.

"Are you sure, Mattie?"

"Very sure, father. Perhaps I was doing wrong, but I thought I was doing right, and that you would approve my conduct when you understood the case."

"Why, what do you mean, Mattie?" demanded the astonished father. "What do you know about the bill?"

"I gave it to Marshall, myself."

"You, Mattie?"

"Yes, father; not half an hour before he gave it to you."

The bank president was forced to acknowledge to himself that this was a very curious complication. But it was absolutely certain this poor, lame girl had nothing to do with robbing the Pinchport Bank.

"Marshall told me he had fired his gun at a man by the name of Rogers, and wounded him badly; but that he was not to blame, for the man was going to strike him down with a club," said Mattie, repeating the story her brother had told her, every word of which she believed was true.

"What has this to do with the bill, Mattie?" asked the deacon, as she paused to get her breath.

Mattie told the rest of the story about Rogers and Tom Martin, and dilated upon her fears that Marshall would have to go to the state prison, or run away to save himself.

"I couldn't bear to think of such a thing," she continued. "Marshall told me that Rogers would be satisfied, and not prosecute him, if he

would pay him five hundred dollars. Then h
told me I could get the money of Morris, but
mustn't tell him what it was for, or it would d
no good. I wouldn't have asked Morris, or take
a dollar from him, for anything less than thi
father, because you told me not to do so. It w
to save Marshall that I did it."

"And did Morris give you this bill?" aske
Captain Patterdale.

"He did, sir," replied Mattie. "Perhaps
was wrong for me to ask him for so much money
but Marshall declared he would drown himsel
rather than be sent to the state prison; and I w
terribly frightened."

"The wretch!" groaned the deacon, who rea
ily saw that his unworthy son had been worki
upon the fears of the poor girl, to induce her
extort money from her cousin.

"I thought you would do the same, father,
such an awful situation," pleaded poor Matti

"Perhaps I should; I don't know," replied h
father, bitterly. "But I don't believe you mea
to do any wrong, child."

"Then Morris gave you this bill?" interpose
Captain Patterdale.

"Yes, sir."

"Did he tell you where he got it?"

"He has money in the Savings Bank, and he ok it from there."

"Do you know that he did?"

"He told me, about a week ago, that he should ve to give notice at the bank before he drew out large a sum. So I suppose he took it from the nk. I don't know anything more about it," plied Mattie, who felt better now that she had nfessed everything.

"Didn't Morris ask you what the money was ?" inquired the deacon.

"No, he did not. But I told him, in the begin- ng, that he must not ask me. He was very od, and noble, and generous."

"It is very strange he gave you so much money thout asking you what it was for!" mused the acon.

"When did he give you the bill, Mattie?" ked the bank president, as he rose to leave.

"Saturday afternoon, sir."

Captain Patterdale had ascertained all that he ed to know, and, after requesting the deacon's nily not to mention what had transpired, he

left the house, to follow the bill another s backward towards the Pinchport Bank. T shoemaker, after further examination of his dau ter, was forced to believe that his son's chara was even more depraved than he had ever s posed. He assured Mattie that there could be a word of truth in Marshall's story about affray at Pinchport, and that there was not least danger of his being sent to the state pri on such a charge as he had represented.

But the deacon was fearfully perplexed h self. After Marshall had taken so much p to extort five hundred dollars from his cou he could not understand why he had so rea parted with the money. If it was a stroke of f affection, which had prompted his son to giv whatever plan he had in his mind, requiring sum to carry it out, the deacon was willing believe that there was some hope for the yo man. He was determined to see him before sun went down, and try to redeem him from h self. If Marshall's heart was good enough cause him to sacrifice his own plan, — perh his long-cherished intention of going to C fornia, — he could be saved; and the good d con's heart yearned towards his son.

Captain Patterdale went to the Savings Bank, here he learned that Morris had drawn no oney, though he had given notice of his in- ntion to do so a week before. The "Bill riffin Bill" had not, therefore, come from the vings Bank; and the captain hastened to the use of Mr. Beardsley again, for he was still sturbed by the idea that he might interfere with e plan of the detective. The deputy-sheriff was t at home yet, and probably he had traced the rry-all a considerable distance from the city. it the captain felt that the clew he had obtained the robbery ought not to be neglected, and he oceeded to the High School, to examine Morris. e was a member of the school committee, and, thout showing himself to the scholars, he went the private room of the principal, where this ntleman happened to be engaged at the time. ating his wish to see Morris Hollinghead alone, e captain waited his coming after the teacher ft the room.

"How do you do, Morris?" said the captain, king the young man's hand, as he entered. "I ve a little business with you, and will not tain you long from your lessons."

"I have recited all my lessons for the day and am in no hurry, sir," replied Morris, as he seated himself opposite the bank president.

"You gave your cousin, Mattie Hollinghead some money, on Saturday afternoon," continued Captain Patterdale.

Morris was startled at this announcement after all the poor girl had said about the importance of secrecy.

"Did she tell you I did?" asked Morris.

"She did."

"That's very strange!"

"Nevertheless, it is true."

"Did she tell her father where she got the money?"

"She did."

"Well, it's all right, then; but I wondered how she intended to manage the affair," laughed Morris.

"What affair?" asked the captain, who felt bound to obtain all the information he could on the subject.

"The mortgage on my Uncle Samuel's house was due last week. Gregg threatened to turn him out of house and home, and the deacon was

ery much worried about it. I offered to let im have the money; but he wouldn't allow me o help him out, on account of the troubles etween him and my father. When I went into he house, I saw that poor Mattie was worrying bout something, and I concluded that her father's ouble was her own. She wanted five hundred ollars, and she told me I must not ask her what was for. Of course, I *knew* what it was for, and asked no questions. I didn't see how she could ake her father take the money, if he knew it ame from me. On Saturday afternoon, I gave er the five hundred dollars."

"Precisely so; and it was very kind of you to do o," added the captain.

"I have always desired to help the deacon all could, but he would not let me. Of course I on't want this matter talked of in the streets, r my uncle, poor as he is, or was, is as proud s my father. He is rich now, and I suppose my oney will soon come back to me."

"I dare say it will, Morris. But where did ou get the money?" asked Captain Patterdale. Five hundred dollars is a large sum for a young an like you to have."

"I have more than that; and I could let th deacon have another five hundred, if he wante it," added Morris, rather proudly, for the neces sity of concealment seemed no longer to exist since Mattie would not need his savings.

"Indeed! Then, you are a capitalist?"

"Hardly that," laughed Morris.

"You gave the money to Mattie on Saturday?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did you draw it from the bank?"

"What bank?"

"The Savings Bank, or any bank."

"No, sir, I did not."

"Mattie says you gave her a five hundre dollar bill," added the captain, carelessly, fo he wished to ascertain what Morris knew with out disclosing what he knew himself. The de tective should manage the case to suit his ow fancy.

"I did," replied Morris, who suddenly ap peared to have become very reticent.

"Where did you get the bill?" inquired th captain, opening a Latin lexicon, and slowl turning over its leaves.

Morris was not willing to answer any mor

questions, and he wondered why Captain Patterdale was meddling with what did not appear to concern him. He had promised to save Major Walkinback from the jeers of the "swells," for selling the Basilisk for three hundred dollars, and then buying her back for five hundred. To say anything more about the five hundred dollar bill would be likely to expose the last bargain he had made with the major; and he did not feel called upon to do this in order to gratify a mere curiosity on the part of the captain, who would tell his son Ned, and thus pass it along through the Yacht Club.

"You don't answer me, Morris," said the bank president.

"If it don't make any particular difference to you, I would rather not answer you," replied the young man, respectfully. "The transaction in which the bill came to me was confidential."

"Ah! indeed!" exclaimed the captain, turning the leaves of the lexicon with rather more vigor than before. "A confidential transaction?"

"Yes, sir; confidential in order to spare the pride of an individual," added Morris.

"And you decline to give me the name of the person from whom you received this bill?"

"I don't positively decline; but I had rather not. I have stated my reason for not wishing to do so. If it makes any particular difference to you, of course that would alter the case."

"It don't make a particle of difference to me, personally," replied the captain, who was by no means confident in regard to his duty in the premises.

The deputy-sheriff, who had been employed to work up the case, was absent, and Captain Patterdale was perplexed by many doubts. He was sorry that he had told the deacon the bill came from the Pinchport Bank; and if he told Morris the same thing, it might prejudice the efforts of the detective. On the whole, he concluded not to press the matter before the return of Mr. Beardsley. He was confident that a clew to the bank robbers had been obtained; but he was not willing to take the responsibility of following it out without the knowledge of the detective.

The cashier of the Pinchport Bank had been able to describe a few of the large bills left in his drawer on the night of the robbery, and this

description had been sent to all the banks in the vicinity, and to the police of all the large cities.

"I will speak to the party from whom I received the bill, and perhaps I can give you his name before night," added Morris.

"Then it is some person in the city?"

"I shall see him before night."

"I will not ask you to violate the confidence of any one, Morris," said the captain, as he rose to leave.

"Is there any trouble about the bill, Captain Patterdale?" asked the young man.

"Perhaps I should violate somebody's confidence if I told you," laughed the bank president; "and, for the present, we will say nothing more about it."

The captain departed, leaving Morris to wonder why he wished to know who had given him the bill. The school was dismissed before he could return to his desk, and he left with the other pupils; but he could not help thinking of the interview with Captain Patterdale. He went to his boarding-house, and ate his dinner. He had given the list of provisions and stores, which Major Walkinback had commissioned him to pro-

cure, to a man who furnished supplies for boating parties, with directions to have all the articles on board of the Basilisk by three o'clock. As the wind was rather light, even for the victor in the Saturday's race, Morris wished to start as early as possible, for it was a ten-mile run, after he reached the island, to the new camp at Sabbath-Day Harbor. With his heavy pea-jacket, — which he found very comfortable on the water in the evening — on his arm, he left the house, to walk down to the landing-place of the yachts.

It may have been by accident, or by design, that Captain Patterdale was on the beach when he arrived; but he was there.

"Off in your boat, Morris?" said he.

"Yes, sir. I am going over to the camp on the island, to take some provisions to Major Walkinback, who is camping out there," replied Morris.

"How much longer does the major remain there?"

"No longer; but he is going into camp at another place this afternoon."

"Ah! Where is that?"

"I am going to take him down to Sabbath-Day

Harbor. I shall be back by nine o'clock, if there is any wind,'' added Morris, as he drew up the tender of the Basilisk.

''Perhaps you will be willing to tell me, when you return, where you got the bill,'' chuckled the captain.

''Very likely I shall, if I meet that man,'' replied Morris, who could not help seeing that Captain Patterdale believed it was Major Walkinback.

''A good voyage to you!'' said the captain, walking away.

The man with the supplies was on board of the Basilisk when the skipper reached her. The goods had all been stowed in the cuddy, and Morris paid the bill for them. The man had hoisted the mainsail while he was waiting, and, in a few moments, the boat was moving towards the island. Out from the shore, he had a little more breeze; but it was five o'clock before he reached the shore nearest to the camp. Major Walkinback and Marshall had transported the tent and all their effects to the beach, and were waiting for the Basilisk when she arrived. Without any delay, they tumbled their goods into the boat, and she sailed for the new camp.

"Where is your box of tools?" asked Morris, as he missed it from among their effects.

"I put the tools into my trunk, and burned the box for firewood. It was a clumsy thing to carry about," replied the major, carelessly.

"By the way, major, the president of one of the banks came to me to-day, and wanted to know where I got that five hundred dollar bill," added Morris, forgetting the box, as the visit of Captain Patterdale came suddenly to his mind.

"And you told him, of course?" answered the passenger, lighting a cigar, without manifesting any particular interest in the matter.

"No, I did not," answered the skipper. "If I had, he would have known that I had sold you the Basilisk, which no one — not even Marshall — was to know, at present."

Marshall was in the cuddy, stretched upon one of the bunks, where he could not hear what was said.

"I am sorry you didn't tell him, if he wants to know," added the major. "I suppose he would like to hear the story of poor Bill Griffin."

"Hardly; and I can't imagine why he wanted to know where the bill came from. I told him I

would speak to the person who paid me the bill, and, if he was willing, I would tell him all about it."

"Tell him, Morris, tell him. As I advised you the other day, always speak the truth. I am sorry you didn't tell him, for, on the whole, it don't make any difference to me. If I gave you five hundred for the Basilisk, it only shows how much I think of her; so the matter is as broad as it is long. Tell him all about it, and anybody else you please."

"I think he believes you gave it to me," added Morris.

"So much the better."

Major Walkinback smoked his cigar, and was not inclined to talk. The skipper sailed the boat in silence and it was nearly eight o'clock when the Basilisk was off Sabbath-Day Harbor. When Morris was on the point of coming about to stand into the harbor, his passenger interposed.

"On the whole, I think we won't go in there," said the major, in his quiet tone.

"On the whole, I think we will," retorted Morris, smartly. "I can't go any farther to-night. As it is, I shall not get back to Belfast till morning, with this breeze."

"I think we will keep on through the Reach to Mount Desert."

"I think not," replied Morris, decidedly.

"Well, Morris, it don't make much difference what you think, now. I will take the helm for a while; but I shall want you to pilot us through the channel."

"I'm not going any farther to-night," said Morris, angrily.

"No?"

Major Walkinback took a small revolver from his pocket, and deliberately cocked it. Morris was alarmed. He had never before been called upon to look into the barrels of a pistol; and he did not like the prospect.

"Obey me in all things, Morris. That's all I have to say on that subject," added the major, as he took the helm the skipper abandoned in the face of the deadly weapon.

"What do you mean, Major Walkinback?" demanded Morris, whose pluck, for the moment, had certainly deserted him.

"You are booked for a long cruise, Morris; but be a good boy, and all will be well with you," replied the major.

Morris was bewildered, and, for the first time, e suspected the desperate character of his com-anion. There was something wrong about the Bill Griffin bill," and it had come from the ma-r. Had it been stolen? Was the story of Bill riffin a fiction? The Pinchport Bank had been bbed. Was this bill taken from the vault? It s a fearful suspicion; his cousin was the com-de of the major.

He was "booked for a long cruise." The large pply of provisions he had brought from the y was thus explained to Morris.

The situation was anything but pleasant, and e events of the last few days passed rapidly rough his mind; but the more he considered em, the worse the prospect became.

CHAPTER XVI.

STAKED AND LOST.

MORRIS HOLLINGHEAD regarded the situation as a perilous one for himself. The moment Major Walkinback produced his revolver the young man's eyes were suddenly opened to the true character of his companion. He seated himself on the weather side of the boat, and began to recall all the events of his experience since the Friday evening before the robbery of the Pinchport Bank. It was at the major's suggestion that he had spent the night before the race at the island. Early on Saturday morning, when he went up to the camp, he found his passenger engaged in digging. His cousin had been very nervous, and looked as though he had not slept a wink for a week. Why had the major insisted that he should spend the night at the island? Did he wish to implicate him in the robbery of the bank?

he box which contained the mineralogists' s was no longer a part of the major's baggage. explained that he had transferred the imple- ts to his trunk; but Morris was certain that crow-bar was too long to go into the trunk, se weight was not equal to that of the box. ad seen only a few of the tools, and had been curious to know how the one like a bitstock d be used in breaking off or in shaping a e of rock. The present conduct of his passen- suggested a further doubt in regard to those ements. The round hole which the news- r described as commenced in the small safe he bank vault, seemed to explain the use e bitstock.

here was something wrong about the Bill in bill; and, after reflection, Morris was sat- d that it had been taken from the Pinchport k. On Friday afternoon the major had sent up to the bank to change a bill. He won- d if this was a part of the programme to lve him in the robbery. Certainly he had ed in at all the windows, and hung around the ding for some time in his search for the ier. But why should the major wish to im-

plicate him in the affair? He could think reasonable explanation of his motive for doi If Major Walkinback was the robber, he have planned the enterprise long before he to Belfast. He had chosen his camping-g on the island for this purpose; and he onl the unfitness of the place after the robber been committed.

Morris wished he had examined the conte that box more fully when it was in his posse It had been sent to him by mistake. If Ma had told the major that his cousin with the name had opened the box, he must have rather startled at the information. Possibl was the reason why the major had labor connect him with the crime by having him a island on the night of the robbery, by givin the Bill Griffin bill, and now by causing hi disappear when the inquiry about the bill begun. They were "booked for a long cru Where were they going? Before he had ti speculate much on this interesting point major interrupted his meditations.

"Morris, you are a good fellow in the and a reasonable one, I hope," said he. "

human, and make some mistakes, like the
of us, though you do go to Sunday School,
are the proprietor of a little hatchet."

"I am glad to be appreciated," replied Morris,
the want of something better to say.

"Your case is hopeful, and in due time, when
have seen more of the world, I have no doubt
all be able to make something of you."

"What do you intend to make of me?"

"That will depend upon circumstances. You
not so apt a scholar as your cousin."

"Do you mean that I have not exhibited any
nt for robbing a bank?" asked Morris, who
beginning to recover his self-possession.

"Well, now, Morris, I am afraid the people
Belfast and Pinchport will think you under-
d the cracksman's craft quite as well as your
sin. I see you have an idea in your head."

"I suppose you have entirely forgotten Bill
ffin since you parted with that bill," added
ris.

"He had entirely escaped my recollection till
mentioned his name. Bill Griffin was a good
ow, in spite of his bad habits," laughed the
or. "But in my own misfortunes I can hardly
rd to think of his miseries."

"I was not aware that any misfortunes overtaken you."

"You behold in me the most unfortunate mortals — a disappointed, unhappy, baffled, defeated man. I had formed a brilliant plan the summer; but it must be a partial fail You will sympathize with me, Morris, for were to take part in the pleasures of the seas

"I was not aware of it before."

"True, you were not. But half our joys c to us from unexpected sources."

"Then I suppose it makes no difference if plan is a failure."

"Only a partial failure. But I hope worthy and liberal father will be induced to tribute to the enterprise, so as to make it a plete success."

"My father!" exclaimed Morris.

"We were disappointed — "

"Who were?"

"Marshall and myself, and I think I may inc you," the major explained. "We are at moment one hundred and fifty thousand do short of the funds we expected to have in possession."

"One hundred and fifty thousand," added orris, comprehending the statement. "The wspaper says the rich men are chuckling over ur disappointment."

"Well they may, for with only thirty minutes ore of precious time, the laugh would have been the other side of their mouths. No matter. can't be helped now. The day dawned just irty minutes too soon for us; but we must ake the best of it."

"You are very kind to include me in the opera-n, Major," suggested Morris.

"I know I am; but I am too modest to have u believe me more magnanimous than I really . You compelled me to include you in our tle party."

"I did? I don't see how that can be, when I dn't even know what you were doing," pro-sted Morris.

"If you didn't like to take a hand in the game, e mistake of your lifetime was the opening of at box."

"The box was directed to me, and I supposed was something my father had sent me."

"Exactly so; but that don't alter the case, so

far as I am concerned. I suppose you hav suspicion by this time that the tools in the were not the implements of a mineralogist."

"Of course they were not. They were b glars' tools."

"Burglar is rather a hard word, and implie profession which is altogether too low for gentleman," replied the major, loftily. "Do y think your father, when he is engaged in maki a corner in Erie, North-western, or any oth stock, or in gold, is doing a more respecta business than you and I when we clean out bank vault where a few bloated bond-holders ha placed their surplus gains?"

"Yes, I do," replied Morris, sharply. "B it is an open question."

"We won't argue the matter. We played a lost. Your father may do the same," added t major.

"You robbed the bank of fifteen thousa dollars."

"We relieved it of that amount. But it is mere bagatelle; not enough to enable us to ma a decent trade with a detective or chief of poli It was not a reputable job; hardly large enou

o save one's respectability. The sum is so con-emptible that the bank will consider us as hieves, and prosecute us as such. If we had btained the one hundred and fifty thousand in he small safe, they would have regarded us as entlemen, and been willing to negotiate with s as such. This is what galls me."

"It seems to me that the more you steal, the orse is the crime."

"Don't say 'steal,' Morris; that is an ugly ord, and not applicable to anything a gentle-an can do. But you do not know the ways the world. You will learn better. I wasted ve hundred dollars on you, Morris. It would ve paid our expenses to Baden-Baden or ienna."

"Why did you do it, then?"

"Because I wanted you, in the first place, and, the second, if we had obtained the contents of e inner safe, I intended to negotiate with the nk through your father for the return of a asonable portion of the swag. Experience has own that this is the better way to manage cases this kind. I should have been willing to give one-half of the haul to silence the bank offi-

cers, and that would have left us about eigh thousand, of which Marshall was to have twen thousand and you ten. With our pockets th lined, we were going to Europe to spend the su mer, and, perhaps, the winter. We could ha lived in Italy for the next ten years like prince on our little fortunes. But that hope has va ished into thin air. I am disappointed, but n cast down. We must make the best of what v have; and, as we shall be regarded as thiev instead of gentlemen, we must get to Europe soon as we can."

"Then you are going to Europe?" ask Morris.

"We are, in spite of the scarcity of our fund though I think your father will be willing double the amount we have."

"I think not," added Morris.

"You don't know him."

"I think I do."

"For your sake, if not for ours, he will ready to help us out after our misfortune. W shall make our way into the British Provinc and finally reach Quebec, where we shall emb for Europe in one of the Allen steamers.

the way, you will write to your father, or I will do it for you, as you please, requesting him to send you a draft for fifteen thousand dollars. I shall not be hard with him. When you get the draft cashed in Quebec, you can hand the money to me, and then, if you have no desire to make the tour of Europe with us, why, you can return to Belfast."

"And be taken up as one of the robbers of the Pinchport Bank," added Morris.

"Not at all. Your father can manage that as easily as he could a corner in North-western. He can pay the bank the amount which it discounted on our account; and the directors would rather settle in that way than any other, for they want to get their money more than they desire to make our business unfashionable. Don't you see, Morris?"

"No, I don't. My father won't do anything of the kind," protested Morris, vehemently.

"You are his only son. I think you will find him in Quebec, with fifteen thousand in his pocket, and his arms open wide to receive you. Of course you will explain to him the possible consequences of anything like treachery on his part. But I

should be willing to trust to his honor in a case like this."

"I don't believe your plan will work half so well as you think it will," said Morris. "How long do you think it will be before Captain Patterdale and Sheriff Beardsley will be after us in a steam tug?"

"Just as soon as they ascertain that you do not intend to return, Morris. They may find the Basilisk, but they will not find us."

Though the major had certainly been very communicative, he would not disclose the means by which he expected to elude the pursuers during the next night and the following day. He had started the sheet, and headed the Basilisk to the eastward, towards the channel between Deer Isle and the main land. It was already quite dark, and the major had many doubts in regard to the navigation. About nine o'clock, he asked the late skipper to take the helm while he got something to eat. Morris offered no objection, and the major crawled into the cuddy, with Marshall, where he immediately lighted a lantern.

"That won't do," shouted Morris, at the helm.

"What's the matter?" demanded the major.

"I can't see anything with that light glaring in ıy eyes," added Morris. "Put it out, or shut ıe cuddy doors."

"All right; but, Morris, if you should feel ıclined to be treacherous, remember my pistol," plied the bank robber, as he closed the doors f the cuddy.

"Now is my time," thought Morris, who ap- eared to have lost some portion of his dread of ıe pistol, or to have come to the conclusion that was better to be shot than to be dragged down ıto crime by such a villain as the major.

The wind had increased considerably, and was ow blowing a six-knot breeze. The Basilisk, in ıe smooth water of the narrow channel, was going long very rapidly, and, at her present rate of peed, would be far beyond Mount Desert in the ıorning. As he steered the boat, he heard a istant sound like the splash of the paddle-wheels f a steamer. He listened, and heard the sound ıore distinctly. It came from a steamer; but the oat which touched at Bar Harbor, Sedgwick, and astine, on her way to Portland, was due early ı the afternoon. He concluded that she had been tained by some accident, or by the fog which frequently prevails in these waters.

The Basilisk was approaching Sedgwick harbor, where the steamer would call in less than fifteen minutes. Morris felt that he had no time to spare, and with the main sheet he lashed the tiller of the boat. Drawing the tender, which was towing astern, alongside the quarter, he dropped into it so carefully that the major's attention was not attracted to his movements. He had passed the painter of the tender over a thole pin of the Basilisk, which kept the small boat steady, so that he could step into her without noise. Seating himself on the thwart, he let go the painter, and the tender dropped astern, though it continued to move forward under the impetus of its former motion. The Basilisk shot ahead into the darkness, and Morris could see only her white sail. He had lashed the helm well up, so that she did not broach to when his weight was removed from her stern, and was not likely to do so until a smart puff struck her sail.

As soon as it was prudent to do so, Morris took the oars and pulled the tender up the narrow bay to the steamboat wharf, where he joined the group of passengers who had been waiting eight hours for the steamer.

It was not improbable that the Basilisk would trike on one of the numerous rocks which lined he shore of the channel, and stave a hole in her ottom. She did not, however, for a sharp flaw hrew her up into the wind, and the flapping of he sail attracted the attention of the major. He ushed out into the standing-room with the re-olver in his hand.

"The rascal is running the boat ashore!" ex-laimed the major.

"Don't shoot him!" pleaded Marshall, who, ad as he had been, was already disgusted with he career of crime upon which he had com-nenced.

But Morris was not there to be shot, even if the ajor had had the heart to shoot him. He was ot to be seen, though the absence of the tender uggested the means of his escape. The major ook the helm, just as the steamer ploughed her ay through the water abreast of the Basilisk, and tood on through the channel. He saw at once at Morris had landed at Sedgwick, and that in few moments more he would be on his way to astine and Belfast. In ten minutes he saw the oat leave the wharf.

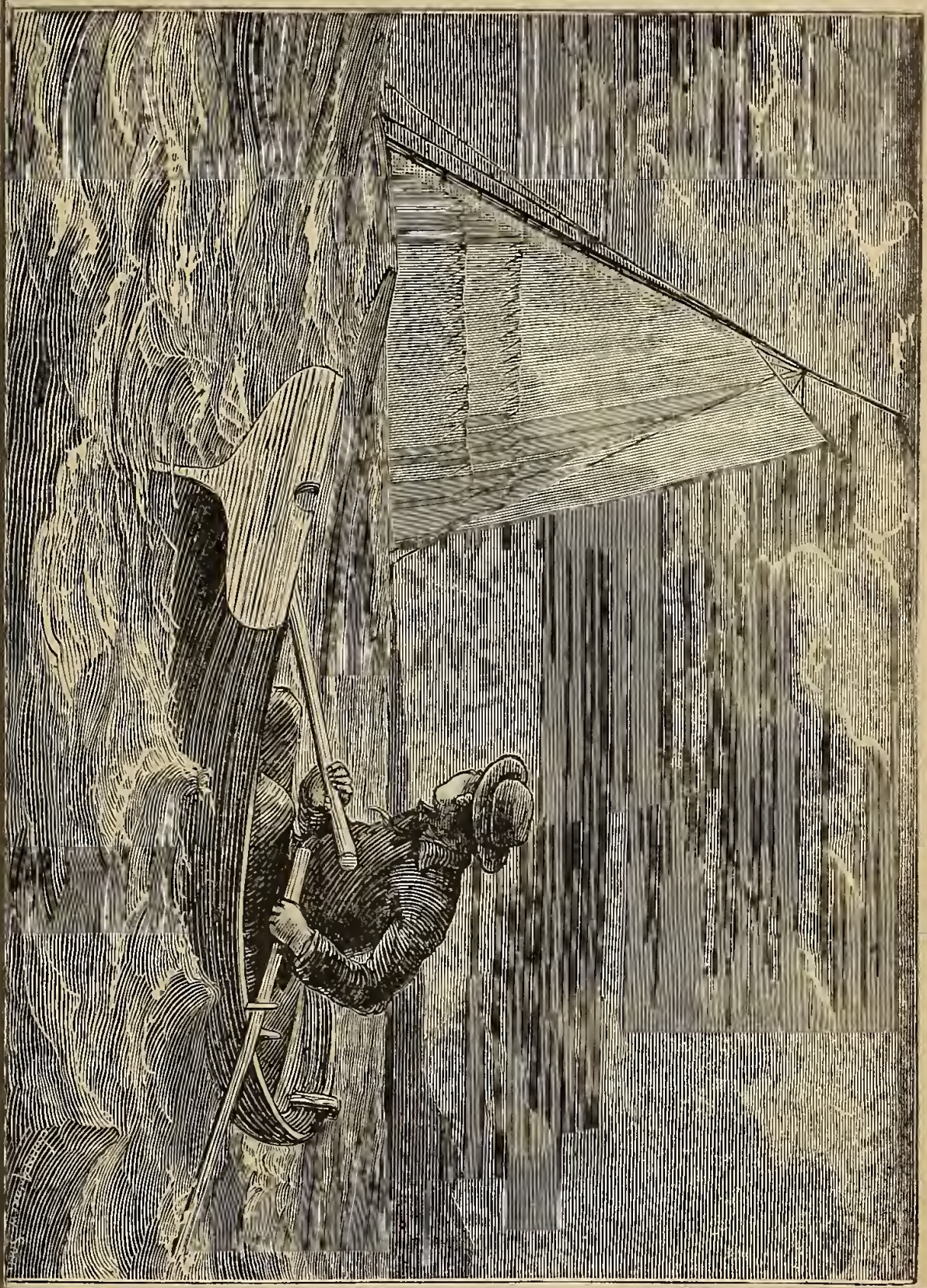
"The game is up in this direction," said the major.

"Why so?" asked Marshall.

"Why so! Don't you see that Morris will be in Castine in less than two hours, and in Belfast before morning?" replied the major, impatiently, as he put the Basilisk about, and followed the steamer. "He knows where we were going, and where to look for us. We must change our plans, and go to Rockland in season for the train that leaves at six in the morning."

"That's easy enough in this breeze," replied Marshall.

The Basilisk held on her course, and the moon came out at eleven o'clock, enabling the bank robber to find his way across Penobscot Bay. He moored the boat at a deserted wharf in Rockland, at two o'clock in the morning, and slept till it was time to take the train. The major's trunk, gun-case, and other luggage were carried to a store, and a wagon was procured to convey them to the station. The bank robber said they had just come from the Isle au Haut. No one suspected them, and they departed without molestation.



Morris went on board of the steamer at Sedgwick with the other passengers. He felt that he was safe now; but he was terribly excited by the events of the evening. In less than two hours he should be in Castine, where he could hire a boatman to convey him to Belfast. But did he wish to go to Belfast? On his arrival he would, no doubt, be arrested and committed to jail as one of the bank robbers. Such, at least, was his view of the situation. The box of tools had been sent to him; he had passed a bill from the bank; he had been at the island on the night of the robbery; and he had, apparently, deceived Captain Patterdale, and conveyed his companions in crime out of the reach of arrest.

Besides, Major Walkinback intended to swindle his father out of a sum equal to that taken from the bank. Morris did not want to go to prison, in the first place; he did not wish to have his father robbed, in the second; and he wanted advice and protection, in the third. Instead of taking a ticket for Castine, he bought one for Portland. Procuring a state-room, he retired for the night. The steamer arrived at Portland in season for him to take the early train for Boston; and at

midnight he was in New York. He reached the hotel where his father boarded at midnight.

As he was going up to the counter to inquire for Captain Hollinghead, his attention was attracted by a sharp discussion in the reading-room, the door of which was open, and he recognized his father's voice among those of the disputants. He entered the apartment.

The captain did not observe his son at first, and Morris thought his father appeared different from what he had ever seen him before. He looked very pale and careworn, and seemed to have grown very thin since he saw him last. There had been exciting times in Wall Street within a few days, and the newspapers said that men worth a million one day were penniless the next. Morris stepped up to the group, who were fiercely discussing the stock operations of the day. His father recognized him with a start.

"Morris!" exclaimed Captain Hollinghead rushing towards him. "You in New York!"

"I am, father; and I want to see you at once," replied the son.

"What is the matter? What has happened?" demanded the captain.

"I can't tell you here."

The father conducted the young man to his suite f rooms, up one flight of stairs.

"You have nice rooms," said Morris, as they ntered the elegant apartments.

"Very good; too good for me now, Morris, nd I must give them up," replied Captain Hol-nghead, with a shudder of anguish.

"Why, father? What's the matter?"

"I am a ruined man! Yesterday swept away l I had, except my honor."

"O, father!" cried Morris.

"Don't cry about it, my son. I staked my l, and lost, as a score of others have done; d I am as poor to-day as your Uncle Sam, at om I sneered in my prosperity. But I shall cover again. What brings you to New York, orris?"

It took over an hour for the young man to l the story of his relations with Major Wal-nback, and the bank robbery. The captain iled bitterly when Morris spoke of the plan to indle him out of fifteen thousand dollars. That s now impossible.

"Where is the fellow now?" demanded Captain Hollinghead.

"I left them in the boat, making their way towards the British Provinces."

"We must telegraph to Belfast at once, so that Beardsley can pursue and arrest them," said the captain, as he rose from his easy-chair. "Don't you be alarmed about yourself, Morris. You are in no more danger than I am. The villains were working upon your fears. If they are going to get fifteen thousand dollars out of me, they will tap a dry fountain. I haven't money enough to pay a week's board, Morris."

"I have some money, father; and all of it is yours, of course," added the son, affectionately.

"You! How much have you?" asked the astonished father.

"I have fifteen hundred dollars, and —"

The remark was suspended by a sharp knock at the door. The night porter said that two men insisted upon seeing Captain Hollinghead at once.

"You may go into my chamber and go to bed, Morris," said his father, as he opened the door of an adjoining apartment.

Morris entered the chamber, but he was not nclined to retire. The two men were admitted o the parlor, and after the conversation had con- nued a few moments, Morris identified the voice f Major Walkinback.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE MAJOR'S LAST MOVE.

IF Major Walkinback had taken no pains to conceal himself, he might have discovered that he was travelling in the same train with Morris from Boston to New York. But he was afraid that some Belfast man might see him, and he took a two-seat room in the drawing-room car which he occupied with Marshall. He was entirely satisfied that Morris had proceeded directly to Castine, thence to Belfast, and that the officers of the law had been searching the channels in the vicinity of Mount Desert for the Basilisk and her passengers. Whether he had come to New York simply to escape his pursuers, or because he had business,— especially with Captain Hollinghead — did not yet appear. Probably, as he had acknowledged, he had first taken pains to implicate Morris in the robbery because he had received

nd examined the box of tools, and the knowledge
ius obtained might be dangerous after the opera-
on upon the bank; and the scheme of "shaking
own" the young man's father, as the major
xplained it afterwards, was a second thought.
lowever this was, the major had business with
aptain Hollinghead, or he would not have called
pon him at this unseasonable hour of the night.

The captain had seen so little of his nephew
Iarshall on his visits to Belfast, that he did not
cognize him. He supposed his importunate
id untimely visitors were stock speculators like
imself, who waited upon him in regard to some
ressing business of the day. Major Walkinback
as very polite, and, as usual, had no lack of
surance. He wore his nicest kids, though his
nen was somewhat soiled by his long journey.

"I beg your pardon, Captain Hollinghead, for
sturbing you at this late hour," said he.
Nothing but business of the most imperative
ture would have tempted me to intrude upon
u at this hour."

"No apology is necessary, sir. I haven't the
easure of knowing your name," replied Captain
ollinghead.

"Major Walkinback, at your service, formerly of the Prussian army, though an American citizen. I am just from Belfast, and my business relates to your son."

This explanation assured the captain that the gentleman before him was the one who intended to draw upon him for fifteen thousand dollars.

"Then you know my son?" added he, willing to let his visitor explain his own business.

"I do; and Morris is one of the best young men in the whole world. I have travelled in many countries, and I never met a better one," replied the major, fumbling over his pockets, as if in search of something.

"Thank you; I am very glad to hear you speak so handsomely of my son."

"I have a letter from him, addressed to you, which will introduce me, and open the way for me to state my business with you at this unseemly hour;" and the major handed the captain a sealed letter, on the envelope of which, besides the address, was the line, "Introducing Major Walkinback."

"You have already introduced yourself, and I am happy to know you," said Captain Hollinghead, as he opened the letter.

It purported to come from Morris, and informed his father that he was in trouble, from which his friend, Major Walkinback, had undertaken to extricate him. "Though he may make a large demand upon you for money, dear father," the letter read, "I hope you will repose implicit confidence in him, and let him have the sum he names, for my reputation, and even my personal liberty, depend upon your compliance."

The captain thought that "personal liberty" was rather an odd expression to be put into the mouth of a boy of seventeen, and he was confident that, even if he had not seen Morris, the document would not have deceived him.

"My son in trouble!" said he, as he laid the letter on the table.

"In very great trouble, unfortunately," added the major, shaking his head significantly.

"What's the matter? Has he got into a quarrel with some schoolmate?" asked the father, who was curious to hear his visitor's version of the affair.

"I am sorry to say that it is something worse than that. The Pinchport Bank was robbed last Friday night, and circumstances point strongly

to your son as one of the robbers, or, at least, as their accomplice."

"Indeed! Has he been taken up?" demanded Captain Hollinghead, with apparent alarm.

"By this time probably he has been arrested, though I do not know this to be a fact. But, if he has not, he will be."

"It is quite impossible that my son should have been concerned in the robbery of a bank."

"Appearances are against him. He has certainly been very intimate with the robbers, and was absent from his boarding-house on the night of the robbery. More than this, a five hundred dollar bill taken from the bank has been traced to him."

"This looks very bad," mused the father.

"Very bad, indeed," added the major.

"How much did the bank lose?"

"Fifteen thousand dollars."

"Not a very heavy loss."

"No; so small that I thought we had better try to settle with the bank, and save the young man."

"Exactly so. But you spoke of others who were concerned in this affair."

"Yes; there were two men, one of whom is pposed to be an expert at the business; but ey have escaped, leaving your son to bear the ıole brunt of the charge."

"He cannot be guilty."

"Perhaps not; but, then, he has the reputation being a money-maker. He loves money, and ards it up; and he may have been tempted to this thing. It would be a great pity to have young man go through life with such a burden disgrace resting upon him."

"Certainly it would. My son speaks of a large m of money in his letter."

"Yes, sir. I have figured the matter down as w as I can, but I find that it will require not ss than fifteen thousand dollars to get him out the trouble."

"That is a large sum," added the captain, con-cting his brow; "but of course I would give uble that sum rather than have my son impli-ed in such an affair. How do you propose to the money?"

"You must excuse me, Captain Hollinghead, t transactions of this kind are necessarily confi-ntial."

"Just so. But you are a stranger to me."

"I should be, if Morris had not introduced me. He could explain in what manner I can save him."

"Then I think I will go to Belfast to-morrow morning; and, after I have seen him, I shall be prepared to give you an answer," suggested the captain.

"That won't do; it will be too late. The business requires action this very night. Even three hours from now may be too late," replied Major Walkinback, with energy.

"But I desire to ascertain what I am about. You cannot start for Belfast before eight o'clock in the morning."

"I do not intend to start for Belfast. My part of the business is to be done here in New York."

"Are you a detective?" asked the captain.

"Excuse me; but it does not matter what I am."

"I don't see that I can do anything, for I don't like to work in the dark."

"Very well, sir; I do not see that your son can escape conviction."

"I don't understand how you can save him," pleaded the father.

"I can do it, Captain Hollinghead," persisted the major. "I don't profess to be a lamb; but in less than two hours after you have given me your check for fifteen thousand dollars, the bank robbers shall be in the Tombs. More than this I cannot say; and I have already said too much."

"I understand you now. If you had spoken a little plainer before, you would have saved some of your breath, Major Walkinback. Excuse me for a moment, while I go for my check book," added the captain, as he entered the bed-room to which he had conducted Morris, closing the door behind him.

"It is all right, Marshall!" cried the major. "He bites, for he thinks I am a detective."

"I don't feel easy," replied his companion, glancing nervously at the doors.

"Don't be alarmed. Morris's reputation as a money-maker don't do him any good with his father."

The captain was absent but a moment. In this time he had written a line to the night-clerk in the office — "Send two policemen to my room instantly," — and sent it down by Morris, instructing his son to place one of them at the

parlor door, and the other in the bed-room. Captain Hollinghead returned to his parlor with the check book in his hand.

"If my son was really intimate with the bank robbers, they may persist in implicating him in the affair," said the captain, as he seated himself at the table and opened the check book.

"You can safely trust the whole matter to me, and I will see that Morris comes out of the fire without the smell of smoke upon him," replied the major.

Captain Hollinghead wrote a check for fifteen thousand dollars, prolonging the act as much as he could, and suggesting all manner of difficulties. He was painfully conscious, as he wrote, that his check was of no value except as paper stock, and his only purpose was to use up the time till the arrival of the police officers. He had read in the newspapers a full account of the robbery of the Pinchport Bank, and the story of Morris enabled him fully to comprehend the relation of his son to the crime or the criminals. He took no notice of the inconsistencies and absurdities of the major's statements, and pretended to be influenced more by what Morris had

written in his note than by the representations of his visitors.

"Are you sure that my son is not in jail at this moment?" he asked, as he finished drawing the check.

"Of course, I cannot know what has happened since I left Belfast," replied the major. "Be that as it may, the arrest of the robbers will relieve him from suspicion. If Morris is not in jail, he is closely watched at every step he takes."

At this moment, the door of the room was opened, and Morris walked into the room, as he had been instructed to do when the officers arrived.

"In jail, or closely watched," repeated the captain.

"Morris!" exclaimed Major Walkinback, starting from his chair, and gazing at the young man as though it were his ghost, and not himself.

"How do you do, Major Walkinback?" said Morris, enjoying the confusion of the bank robber.

"How came you here, Morris?" demanded the major.

"That is the very question I should like ask of you," retorted Morris. "Have you co cluded not to visit the British Provinces?"

"I see there is treachery here," added th major. "But I wish to say, Captain Hollin head, that all I have told you about your son true, and he cannot deny it."

"He don't deny it; he told me all about before you came," replied the captain, calml I don't think my check will be of any use you, or anybody else, for that matter, Maj Walkinback; and I may as well destroy it;" a the stock speculator suited the action to the wor "The fact is, I have staked and lost, and to-day am a poor man. You have come to a dry spring.

"I have been deceived!" exclaimed the majo

"I have not," added Captain Hollinghea "These are the bank robbers — are they not?

"They are, father," answered Morris, to who the question had been addressed.

"I think it is about time for us to leave, continued the major.

"Excuse me, but I object," interposed th captain. "As you suggested, the arrest of th bank robbers will save my son."

"You will find yourself mistaken. I set the snare myself, and he fell into it."

Captain Hollinghead nodded to Morris, who opened the bed-room door. This was the signal for the officer to enter, and he promptly appeared on the stage. At the same time, Morris passed into the hall, and directed the other officer to go in at the door from the hall, where he was stationed.

"This is treachery!" cried Major Walkinback, taking his pistol from his pocket, as the officer entered from the bed-room.

But the other officer, approaching the bank robber in the rear, before he had time to use his weapon, if he intended to use it, drew his arms behind him, and secured them there with a pair of handcuffs. Marshall Hollinghead had nearly fainted in the extremity of his terror as he saw his companion in crime arrested, and the irons placed on his wrists. He sank into a chair, as white as a sheet.

"Who is this other fellow, Morris?" asked the captain.

"That is my cousin Marshall," replied the son.

"I didn't expect anything better of him," added the father.

"I was led away," pleaded Marshall.

"It didn't take much leading," added h uncle, with a sneer.

"We know this man," said one of the officer after he had examined the major attentively. "is Crinky Scott, alias Gentleman George. H real name is George Scott. He is a fine singe isn't he?"

"He is; and a fine player on the piano," a swered Morris.

"He is the son of a man out west who was ve rich, but lost all his property in speculation, a died poor. George had a talent for music, a was sent to Europe, where he studied it for se eral years, till his father lost his property; a then, instead of using his voice and his skill make a living, he took to stealing."

"I am not a thief," protested the major, Crinky Scott.

"You don't call it so, but we do. He w suspected of being concerned in two bank robbe ies, but the operators covered their tracks bett than they seem to have done in this case."

"Has he ever been in the Prussian army?" sked Morris.

"Certainly not."

"He says he was in the battle of Sedan."

"He was in New York when the battle of edan was fought."

"Don't be inquisitive, Morris," said Crinky cott, with a sneering smile. "I had to amuse ou, and I did so."

"Well, officers, you can take them both to the ombs, and I will telegraph to Belfast at once," dded the captain.

Marshall begged and pleaded for exemption om the fate of his guilty companion; but the aptain was deaf to his entreaties, and both of he robbers were conveyed to the gloomy prison.

"I didn't expect to see them here," said orris, when they had gone.

"They supposed you would return to Belfast, nd they hastened to New York to get the money t of me before I could hear from you. It was stupid plot. Now go to bed, Morris, for we ust take the train for Boston on our way to elfast, at eight o'clock in the morning. I will legraph to Beardsley at once, and he will be

here within twenty-four hours. I suppose knows Marshall and the other fellow.''

''Yes, very well. But can't we save Marsha father?''

''Impossible. He has made his bed, and him sleep in it,'' replied Captain Hollinghea sternly. ''I don't think you need do anything f him after he has tried to implicate you in th robbery.''

''It will almost kill his father and poor Ma tie,'' added Morris.

''I am sorry for Mattie.''

''And I am sorry for uncle Sam,'' added t son.

The despatch was sent to Belfast, and the ca tain went to bed with his son. At eight o'clo the next day they were on their way to Bosto Captain Hollinghead, as may well be suppose was very much depressed at the loss of his fo tune, though the case of his son afforded a parti diversion of his thoughts from the ruin which h overwhelmed him.

''It is a hard case,'' said he, as he sat wi Morris in the cars. ''I have actually lost eve dollar I had in the world.''

"I don't see how you could have lost everything, father."

"Success had made me reckless. I carried two millions of a certain stock, and operated for a rise. It fell ten per cent. on my hands, and, when I was called upon to pay my differences, it swept away every dollar of my two hundred thousand. Other parties crossed our path, and won. If we had been successful, I should have made as much as I have lost, and doubled my fortune."

"It was a fearful risk."

"The gain was in proportion to the risk."

"And so was the loss. I had made up my mind to abandon stocks and gold, if I were fortunate, and turn my attention to real estate, which does not involve so much risk. I wanted to buy a plot of ground up town, upon which I was almost sure of making a hundred thousand dollars within a year or two. But I could not reduce my bank account while the stock speculation was pending, though I needed only twenty-five thousand in cash to complete the trade. If I could raise this sum now, I could redeem myself. But I can't. I am looked upon as a

ruined man, and no one will give me cred without security. I suppose I must go to se again. Two men, whose experience is just lik my own, are to-day clerks in mercantile house It is fearful business, Morris, and I shudde when I think of it. It is gambling, and nothin else. I staked all I had, and lost."

"I hope you will never go into such busines again."

"I could not if I would. I can't rais twenty-five thousand dollars to enable me to bu the real estate; and I do not see that I can d anything but go to sea. It is humiliating, bu I can't help it now. Morris, I can no longe afford to pay for your rooms at Mrs. De Can ter's," added Captain Hollinghead, with emo tion.

"Never mind that, father. I have fifteen hun dred dollars; and I shall have two thousan when Uncle Sam pays me what I advanced Perhaps you can do something in a small wa with that."

"God bless you, Morris! Fifteen hundred dol lars seems to me a larger sum now than fiftee thousand did three days ago," replied the father

We can at least live upon it until I get into siness again."

"I can get boarded for a small sum; and I all be ready to go to work myself in a month so," added Morris, who realized the reward his economy sooner than he anticipated; but was a blessed thing to him to be able to help s father in his present distress.

The next day at noon they arrived at Belfast, d repaired at once to the bank of which Cap- n Patterdale was the president. Fortunately, was there, and, contrary to Morris's expecta- n, he gave him a cordial reception.

"Your dispatch came at five o'clock yesterday rning, Captain Hollinghead," said the presi- nt, "and Mr. Beardsley left at eight in the rning. He telegraphed to the governor in gusta for a requisition to bring on the prison- s, and, doubtless, it was handed to him in the rs on his arrival at the capital. Probably he ched New York this morning, and will return th the bank robbers to-morrow."

"I hope Morris is not badly mixed in the mat- ," added Captain Hollinghead, anxiously.

"It certainly looked very bad for him on Mon-

day night, when he did not return from the ca
Tuesday, it was generally believed that Morris
concerned in the robbery. A tug-boat with th
officers on board was sent in search of the B
lisk; and it has not yet returned. An expr
man said he had delivered a box, very heavy
and now supposed to contain burglars' tools, —
your son."

"But that was intended for my cousin,
not for me," interposed Morris.

"It was directed to M. M. Hollinghead."

"That is his name, as well as mine. And
took the box away in the evening."

"Very well. Then Morris's absence on
night of the robbery, his examination of the b
building on Friday, his passing one of the b
taken from the bank, and, finally, his disapp
ance on Monday night, were all very suspici
circumstances," added Captain Patterdale. "
don't understand these things now."

Morris told his story from the time he
Belfast till his return, and explained his conn
tion with Major Walkinback, or Scott, as he n
called him. It was a straight story, and Capt

atterdale was willing to accept it, now that the nk robbers had been arrested.

"Now, father, I want to see Uncle Sam and attie about something," said Morris, after his rrative had been fully discussed. "Will you with me?"

"No, Morris," replied his father, firmly.

"I will meet you at Mrs. De Canter's in an ur, then," added Morris, as he left the bank.

At the house of his uncle, he found Squire alker and Mr. Blake, the deacon's partner in e soap business.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE RICH POOR, AND THE POOR RICH.

"I AM glad to see you, Morris," said Deacon Hollinghead, as the young man entered the parlor, which had been opened for this special occasion, where the conference was in progress.

The deacon gave Morris his hand, and appeared to be very glad to see him. For a moment he forgot the important negotiation with his late partner, who had just offered him sixty thousand dollars for his interest in the patent and the royalties, though Squire Walker was holding out for seventy-five thousand.

The deacon, in the midst of his sudden prosperity, was a father still, and, no doubt, he would have given the whole sixty or seventy-five thousand dollars to wash out the stain of Marshall's crime and restore him to innocence and virtue. He valued truth and righteousness above

l that the world could give, not in his exhorta-
ons in the conference meeting only, but in his
art; and he carried this consciousness of the
orth of goodness about with him every day.

"Can you tell me where Marshall is?" asked
e deacon, gloomily.

"I saw him in New York on Tuesday night.
e will be here to-night or some time to-mor-
w," replied Morris.

"My heart was rejoiced when Mattie told me
at five hundred dollar bill came from you, Mor-
s."

"Did she tell you I gave her the bill?"

"She did," replied the deacon, leading the
y into the kitchen, where Mattie was seated in
r usual position.

The poor girl greeted her cousin with a sad
ile, and gave him her thin, white hand.

"You told your father that I gave you the bill,
ttie?" said Morris.

"I did, when they charged poor Marshall with
ing concerned in the robbery of the Pinchport
nk. You did not inquire what the money was
, because I told you not to ask me. Marshall
ceived me, but I did not mean to deceive you,
rris."

"Marshall deceived you!" replied her cousin. "I don't understand you."

"The money was for him."

"For Marshall?" asked Morris, with some indignation in his heart.

The deacon repeated the story about the shooting of Rogers, and the use for which Marshall professed to need the five hundred dollars.

"I say it with shame, but it was a trick to work upon the sympathies of Mattie, and thus get the money out of you, Morris," continued the deacon.

"I thought I knew what the five hundred dollars were for," added Morris. "I came from the shop into the house, and you had just told me that Gregg was pressing you to pay the mortgage note on the place. I offered to let you have the money to pay the note, you know; but you would not take it from me. When I talked with Mattie, she wanted five hundred dollars, and I was sure she had some plan by which Gregg was to be paid. If she had told me the story about Marshall, I should have known that it was a humbug."

"But where is Marshall now?" asked Mattie.

"He is on his way to Belfast," replied Morris, averting his gaze.

"It is said that he was concerned in the robbery," added the deacon.

"I am afraid there is no doubt of it. I can tell you what I know about the matter;" and Morris proceeded to relate the incidents of his last trip in the Basilisk, and of his journey to New York.

"Poor Marshall!" sighed Mattie.

"But I would rather have him in the state prison, in spite of the disgrace, than wandering in sin and crime, for within the prison walls he will be kept from outward temptation, and, by the mercy of God, he may be saved," added the deacon, sadly. "You said your father came from New York with you, Morris?"

"Yes, sir."

"Do you know when he returns?"

"Not for several days, probably," replied Morris, who did not care to tell the deacon about his father's misfortunes at that time.

The shoemaker returned to the parlor with a sad heart, to join the conference with his late partner and the lawyer. In spite of the fortune that

was coming to him, he was almost broke hearted, for the crime of Marshall seemed more than offset the sudden tide of prosperi which had brought plenty to his lot.

The discussion was continued, and Mr. Blak the deacon's partner, pleaded that he had do all the business, and latterly had furnished the money to carry on the suit. Squire Walk declared that the accumulated royalties could n amount to less than a hundred thousand dollar and the patent, or the future royalty, was wor as much more.

Blake was sharp, but the squire was too mu for him, and the conference resulted in an agre ment on the part of Blake to pay the deacon se enty-five thousand dollars for all his right, titl and interest in the patent, past, present, a future. Then it appeared that he had an off from the Merwin Company of two hundred a fifty thousand; but, as Blake had done all t work, and persevered against every obstacl the deacon believed that he was richly entitled the lion's share.

Deacon Hollinghead was a rich man, almo in spite of himself; but just then his thought w

ot bestowed upon the comforts and luxuries ith which his new-found affluence would sup- ly him. He was thinking more of making eace with his brother than of a new house and oft carpets, or even of his exemption from the ains of poverty, which had for so many years orried him. The presence of Squire Walker n Belfast rendered a peace possible; and he was ore anxious that he should undertake this heal- ng office than he had been that the lawyer hould settle his patent business.

Morris sat with his father in the parlor of the rmer, talking about the darkened future which eemed to be before them, though the young man as far more hopeful than the captain. Morris ad again proposed that he should board with is uncle, and his father was objecting as trongly as when his wealth swelled his pride, hen Squire Walker was announced. He was hown to the parlor, and Captain Hollinghead, ho had known him well in former years, gave im a cordial welcome. They talked about the ast for a time, which afforded the squire an op- portunity to introduce the business of his mis- ion.

"I settled the estate of your father, Captain Hollinghead, and that was about the last business I did in Belfast before I went to the West," said the squire. "I have heard that you were somewhat surprised at the nature of the will which your father left."

"I was very much surprised," replied Captain Hollinghead, with considerable feeling. "On my way to Belfast I made up my mind to relinquish all my claims to the estate to my brother. I was well off, and I thought he needed the property more than I did."

"That was kind and generous of you, Captain Hollinghead; but it was just in keeping with your reputation," added Squire Walker.

"But when I found that the deacon had influenced my father to give him the whole of his property, I took a different view of the subject; and, if my wife had not persuaded me not to do so, I should have contested the will. I know I could have broken it. I never had anything but the kindest feelings towards my brother; and it was mean and contemptible in him to influence my father in the way he did."

"Simply because your father did what you

had made up your mind to do yourself, you charge your brother with influencing the old gentleman."

"My father would never have done such a thing if the deacon had not put him up to it."

"But the deacon never put him up to it."

"So he told me; but it is useless for him to deny it. It would be an insult to my father's memory to believe he did such a thing."

"I don't think so. Your father understood your brother perfectly, and he knew you just as well. You were a rich man when your father died, Captain Hollinghead, and half his estate was nothing at all to you, while it would make your brother comfortable for life. I think your father was perfectly right, and I commend his excellent judgment."

"But the deacon lost all his property."

"Never mind that now. If it proves anything, it proves the wisdom of your father's decision."

"Well, I don't care to rake up old quarrels. I shall never forgive the deacon for what he did, though I have no desire to harm him."

"If you can't forgive the deacon for what he did do, can you forgive him for what he did *not* do?" demanded the squire, warmly.

"I have no need to forgive him for what he did not do."

"Precisely so. Deacon Hollinghead had no more idea what was in your father's will when he died than you had."

"That is easily said.

"And as easily proved. Captain Hollinghead, you ought to ask the deacon's forgiveness for the wrong you have done him in all these years. He does not need your forgiveness so much as you need his. This is plain talk. The only mistake your father made was in keeping his intentions to himself, and thus begetting this family quarrel. I told him myself that he ought to send for you, and talk the matter over with you; that he ought to tell you what he intended to do with his property, so that there should be no quarrel after he was gone. He scouted the idea, and said you would think no more of all he had than if it had been but four and sixpence."

"Are you sure the deacon knew nothing about the matter?" asked Captain Hollinghead, whose misfortune had prepared his mind for this occasion.

"If your father spoke the truth to me, — and

you will not doubt that he did,— the deacon had no idea of what was going on. Your father came to my office, perhaps six months before he died, and I drew up his will for him there. He repeatedly charged me not to inform the deacon in regard to its contents, for he was more afraid your brother would rebel than that you would."

"I suppose you must be right, Squire Walker."

"I know I am. If I had known there was any trouble, I would have gone a thousand miles to see you; for, if there are any good men on the face of the earth, Deacon Hollinghead is one of them," added the squire, with enthusiasm.

"That's so!" exclaimed Morris.

"He is full of trouble now about his son. He is not so fortunate in his boy as you are, Captain."

"I will go and see him at once," said Captain Hollinghead, convinced in spite of himself that he had grievously wronged his brother. "If I can be of any service to him, I will do all I can; but I am afraid the day for that has gone by."

Morris and his father walked over to the deacon's with Squire Walker. They were ushered into the parlor, which was used only on "state occasions." It was the first time that Captain

Hollinghead had crossed the threshold of his brother's house since their father died. The deacon extended his hand to his brother, who cordially grasped it. Perhaps without the ministry of adversity, this reconciliation would not have been possible, for misfortune had softened the heart of the captain.

"Sam, I have wronged you, and I ask your forgiveness," said Captain Hollinghead, with no little emotion.

"I told you no more than the truth, Richard; but perhaps I ought not to blame you, in the absence of Squire Walker, for not believing me. Money is the root of all evil, and I would rather have lost all of father's estate, than had a word of difference between us. This quarrel has been one of the sorest trials of my life," said the deacon, with the tenderest of tones.

"It was all my fault, Sam," protested the captain. "You offered to do all that was possible to do. If I hadn't made up my mind to give you my share of the property, I shouldn't have thought so much of it."

"I know what poverty is, Richard; but it isn't half so hard to bear as the hatred of one's own

kin. Riches harden the heart, and you could not see this matter in the midst of the whirl of excitement in which you lived, as I could in my poverty. But I thank God that he has brought peace between us again. You are a very wealthy man, Richard, but — ''

''I am not worth a dollar in the world, Sam!'' ejaculated the captain, bitterly. ''Perhaps I have been cleaned out in order that I might see this quarrel in its true light.''

''What do you mean, Richard?'' demanded the deacon, with a very sad and anxious expression.

''Just what I say;'' and the captain repeated the story of his misfortune.

''I am very sorry,'' said the deacon.

''Literally, I haven't a dollar in the world,'' protested Captain Hollinghead. ''Morris has saved fifteen hundred or two thousand dollars, which he offers to me, and insists that I shall take. He is more like his mother than he is like me. He is prudent and careful; and if I had been like him, I shouldn't be a beggar to-day.''

''But I saved the money for a purpose,'' interposed Morris, blushing.

''What purpose?'' asked his father. ''For me, when ruin came?''

"No, sir; for poor Mattie here."

"For Mattie!" exclaimed the deacon.

"For me!" repeated the poor girl.

"I knew that Uncle Sam was poor, and it used to trouble me to think what would become of Mattie, if her father should die. I was afraid, if she was left alone in the world, that my father would not help her, and I wished to be in condition to do so myself. I was very anxious to make money for her sake, and for her sake only."

"O, you dear, good, generous Morris!" cried Mattie, her eyes filling with tears.

"I never was so happy in my life as when I gave Mattie the five hundred dollars, as I supposed, to make a home for her, if her father should be taken away."

"God bless you, Morris!" exclaimed the deacon, choking with emotion. "I know you were always trying to help her and me; but I would not permit you to do so while your father disapproved such acts."

"I am glad that Morris has done better than I knew. But I am sure I should not have permitted poor Mattie to want for anything," added Captain Hollinghead.

"I know you wouldn't, Richard," said the deacon. "But is it possible that you have lost your property?"

"Every dollar of it. Speculation in gold and stocks is nothing but gambling; and I had determined to abandon it, not because it was gambling, I confess, but because it was perilous. I intended to go into real estate operations, and had the refusal of a plot of ground for a week, upon which I expected to make a small fortune. I was to pay only twenty-five thousand dollars cash; but it might as well be a million now," said the captain, bitterly. "It was a sure thing."

"Could you redeem yourself if you had twenty-five thousand dollars?" asked the deacon.

"I could; I am confident I could make a hundred thousand dollars in a year or two. The land is to be sold to settle an estate."

"Then you shall have the twenty-five thousand," said the deacon, quietly.

"I shall have it?" repeated the captain, with a puzzled expression.

Morris laughed out loud, and Mattie smiled as sweetly as though earth had no troubles.

"I will lend you the money without security."

"You?" laughed the captain.

"Perhaps you have not heard that your brother is a rich man," interposed Squire Walker.

"I had not."

"He is worth seventy-five thousand dollars to-day in cash."

"Sam!"

"It is a fact."

"God has blessed me as I did not deserve; and I thank him for his bounty, for it enables me to help you, Richard, as your son has striven to help me."

Squire Walker rose to explain; and Captain Hollinghead was utterly amazed to realize that his brother, who he had always feared would die in the poor-house, was a rich man.

The party gathered there dined with the deacon on humble fare; and it was dark before they separated.

At noon the next day, Mr. Beardsley arrived with his prisoners, and they were committed to the jail. The gay ladies who had courted the smile of Major Walkinback, and gone into ecstasies when he sang and played, were disgusted with "Crinky Scott," the bank robber.

At the examination of the robbers, the same day, Morris told the whole story of his relations to the principal, from the reception of the mysterious box, to the parting off Sedgwick.

To the astonishment of all, Marshall Hollinghead pleaded guilty, and told the truth in regard to his connection with Scott, whose acquaintance he had made in the city a year before the robbery. He confessed that Morris had nothing whatever to do with the robbery, and had no knowledge that it was to take place.

The "major" desired to get into society in the city, the better to cover his purpose. He had purchased the Basilisk in Boston. She was a remarkable sailer, as she had fully proved herself to be in the bay, but she was very old. Scott paid two hundred dollars for her, on condition that her late owner should go with him in her as far as Camden, for three dollars a day. The skipper had kept her well in shore, where he could make a harbor in rough weather, and had arrived at Camden in safety, where Scott met Marshall. The intention had been to rob a Belfast bank; but the one at Pinchport presented greater inducements, for it could be more safely

entered, and Marshall had heard that a large amount in bonds was deposited there.

His cousin knew that Morris wished to buy a boat, and Scott thought that the sale of the Basilisk would open an acquaintance with one who could help him into society. He was right in this view; and the villain basked in the smiles of the ladies as much as he pleased. Scott had ordered the mysterious box to be sent from Boston two days after his own departure. When he learned that Morris had opened the box, after it came to his room by mistake, he was much alarmed. At first he proposed to abandon the enterprise, but finally concluded to implicate Morris in the robbery in such a way that he would not dare to tell what he knew about the tools. As a precaution, he called them the tools of a mineralogist.

In furtherance of the plan to implicate Morris, Marshall had induced his sister to obtain the five hundred dollars from him, and the purchase of the Basilisk by Scott had been solely to enable him to pass the bill taken from the bank into his possession. But all the schemes of the robbers were transparent now. The New York officers who arrested Scott and Marshall, had searched them at

the Tombs, and found ten thousand dollars on their persons, which Mr. Beardsley had brought with him, and returned to the bank.

As soon as the detective returned from New York, Morris sailed over to the island with him to examine the camp-ground.

"You didn't find the carry-all — did you, Mr. Beardsley?" asked Morris.

"I did. It contained three fellows who had been to a dance in Stockton. They were so tipsy that they lost their way. They belonged in Camden, and I found them there," replied the sheriff. "The dog that disappeared was found dead in the brook where he had gone to drink. The bank robbers gave him a dose of strychnine."

"But where did that Bill Griffin bill come from?"

"It was deposited in the bank by Captain Barnes; but he don't know who wrote the name on it. There is a rather fast man in Bangor, who goes by the name of Bill Griffin, and probably the name refers to him, whoever wrote it on the bill."

"Scott told me he had carried the bill in his pocket for three years, when he paid it to me;" and

Morris repeated the affecting narrative of "Poor Bill Griffin." "He said the name was written on the bill by Prince Umberto of Italy."

"He told a great many big stories," added Mr. Beardsley.

On the island, Morris pointed out the place where he had seen Scott digging; and, after removing the earth, they found the mysterious box. They opened it, and the experienced eye of the detective promptly recognized its contents as a very fine set of burglar's tools, which were taken to the city, and the next "Age" had the following list of the articles it contained:

"Half a dozen 'jimmies,' of different lengths, weights, sizes, and shapes, all nicely made; a wicked billy, made of leather, with four or five ounces of lead in the end; an ordinary carpenter's hammer; a heavy copper mallet, weighing eight or ten pounds, and a score of wedges, of various shapes and sizes; a hand bitstock and augers; two or three pairs of key nippers; a nest of crucibles, from the size of a thimble to the capacity of a quart, used in melting metals; a pair of hand-cuffs; several chisels; a hand-vise; two heavy instruments for cutting iron rods,

hinges, etc.; a thin knife, such as is used by painters, and employed by burglars for insertion between window-shutters, and shoving back the bolts; screw-driver; a pair of gas-tongs; two packages of isinglass plaster; a jackknife; a glue pot; a handsaw and a two-foot rule; a patent knife-sharpener; a lot of files, large and small; a door-fastener; two new and sharp dirk-knives; four revolvers; two dark-lanterns; several black masks, etc.''

A few days after the agreement was made, Blake paid over to Deacon Hollinghead the amount he was to receive for the patent. The sum was deposited in the bank of which Captain Patterdale was the president. No sooner had the business been done, than the deacon hastened with his check for twenty-five thousand dollars to his brother, which the captain accepted, though his pride tempted him to decline it. He gave his note for the amount, and hastened to the metropolis to complete the purchase of the land.

After Marshall had made his confession, it appeared that the Basilisk was at Rockland; and Mr. Beardsley sent Morris to recover her. Her former skipper sailed her up to Belfast, and then

arose the interesting question as to her present ownership. Deacon Hollinghead paid five hundred dollars to the Pinchport Bank, to indemnify it for the Bill Griffin bill, which had been taken from the vault. This was the same thing as restoring the money, through the several persons who had had it, to the rightful owner. But this act nullified the purchase of the Basilisk by Scott, and it was decided that the boat now belonged to Morris.

This decision came with the announcement of the second regatta of the Yacht Club, and Morris entered her for the race. A purse of one hundred and fifty dollars had been raised a second time, for the first and second prizes, among the nabobs of the city.

The boats from Bangor and Bucksport came down, and twenty-six yachts were in line when the second gun was fired. The breeze was even lighter than at the first race, and the Basilisk came in more than two hours ahead of anything, and took the first prize. The second, as before, was won by the Ripple, Captain Blaney, who renewed his former offer of four hundred and fifty dollars for the boat which had beaten him.

"I sold her after the first race for five hundred," replied Morris. "You shall have her for that."

"With the prize she has taken?"

"No, sir," protested Morris.

"Very well; I will give it. I won't be beaten again," said Captain Blaney.

After the regatta, with the first prize in his pocket, Morris sold the Basilisk for five hundred dollars, cash. The yachtmen were disgusted. But when Captain Blaney sent the Basilisk to Bangor, they concluded that it would be safe to have another race. Two weeks later they had one; but the night before it was to take place, the Basilisk appeared in the harbor, and was entered with the others. Unfortunately for her, the wind was very fresh, and she was beaten by every heavy-weather boat in the fleet, the Alice taking the first prize, — for she was sailed by Don John himself, — and the Skylark the second.

In due time the trial of the principal bank robber took place. "Crinky Scott" was easy and impudent. He was convicted, and sentenced to the state prison for twenty years, while Marshall got but three, for he had confessed his crime, and it

was clear enough that he had been "led away" by Scott.

Mrs. De Canter was very sorry to lose her boarder, but Morris went to live with his uncle, the deacon, who had purchased a comfortable, but not pretentious house. He took the place of the absent son, and did all he could to make the deacon's family, especially poor Mattie, cheerful and happy in their trials.

Captain Hollinghead was not mistaken in regard to the land which he purchased, for, though only a year has elapsed since he bought it, he has disposed of it at an advance, which enabled him to pay his note to his brother, and leave him a balance in the bank of fifty thousand. But with Morris's savings, he has done even better in proportion. After the second sale of the Basilisk, the sum was made up to two thousand dollars, which the captain invested in a patent steering wheel for vessels, with another man. As he "worked" the business himself, he made a success of it, and doubled his money in a few months. Then he embarked in the manufacture of the machinery, and in this legitimate way he will doubtless make his fortune in a few years.

Morris was graduated at the High School, and joined his father in New York, where he is in the office of the machine shop. They are happy in each other, and the father feels that he owes much to his son, because the latter was a "MONEY-MAKER."

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